THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 29, 1934

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# the BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, May 29, 1934 No. 1589. Vol. CXXII.

# The BYSTANDER

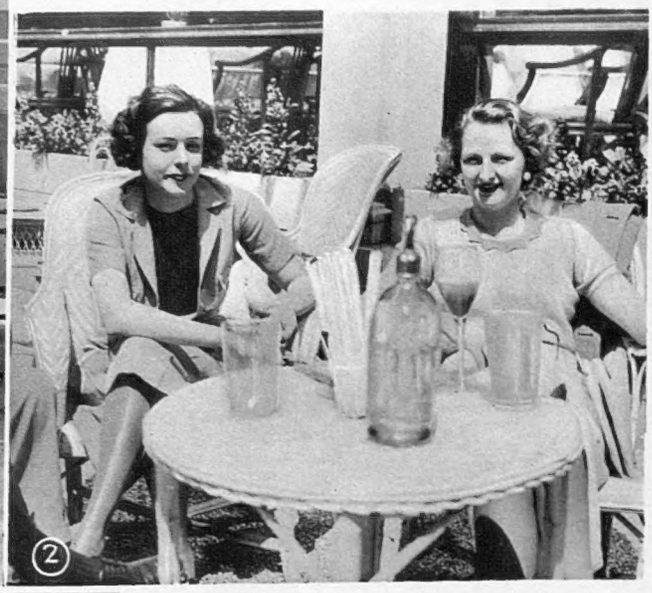
*Tunbridge*

## TOTO KOOPMAN

*Miss Toto Koopman makes her film début in "The Private Life of Don Juan," appearing as one of the lovely women whom the gallant Spaniard (Douglas Fairbanks, Senior) loved and left. The film is to have its world première some time in July. Miss Koopman, who arrived in England from Paris something over a year ago, has made good use of her time here; besides doing mannequin work and being chosen for a part in the Don Juan film, she has become one of the most popular of London's decorations. She is Dutch-Javanese, a good linguist, and intelligent as well as attractive*

*(1) Left: Lady Willoughby de Broke flew over for the Whitsun week-end with her husband*

*(2) Below: Miss Jean Salmond, an attractive dark-haired American, and Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, red-blonde and half-American, half-Irish*



*(3) Above: Mr. Hugh de Rougemont, whose father is Chairman of Lloyd's, Mrs. Rastenne, Mrs. de Rougemont, who is Swiss and was married to Mr. de Rougemont three years ago, when she was eighteen, and Mr. John Turner*

*(6) Left: a week-end party that included Major and Mrs. Anthony Angus, Mrs. Fairfax (in white), Mrs. Violet Hirsch, Mr. Bill Hordern, and Mr. Owen Hall-Hall. Mrs. Hirsch was Miss Violet Levita, and is a niece of Mr. Duff-Cooper*

*(8) Above: Lord Portarlington, who goes to Le Touquet with the utmost regularity, Lady Veronica Hornby, Count Czernin, and Miss Toto Koopman, wearing her red fox cape*

*(7) Left: an attractive pair of sisters-in-law waiting in the sun for lunch time to come; they are Mrs. John Taylor and Mrs. Harold Taylor*

*(9) Right: Major Williams, Mrs. Loyd, Mrs. Harold Kingsland, and Mr. Harold Kingsland playing their morning round of golf*

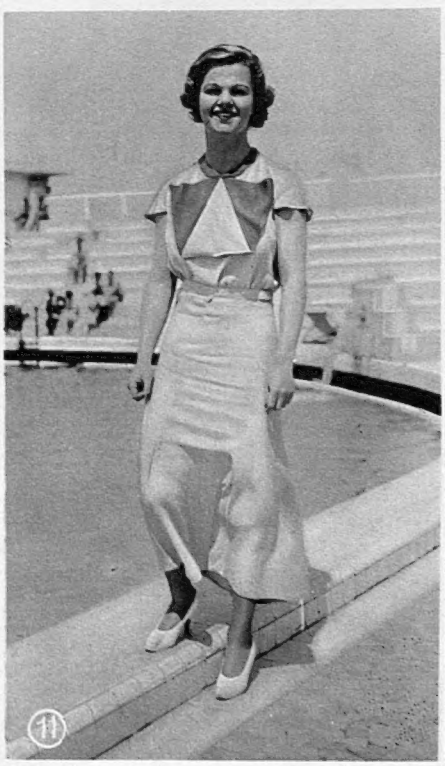
# At Le Touquet the Sun Shone

## And the Whitsun Crowd Was as Large as Ever

*(4) Above: Mrs. N. Gulbenkian and Lady Phyllis Allen were two of the contingent that went Banco from England—a more than appropriate method of travel*

*(5) Mrs. George Philipson, and her brother's wife, Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone, waiting at Berck aerodrome, while their husbands collected the luggage*

*(10) Left: Mr. and Mrs. John Musker were another couple who repeated their Easter trip to Le Touquet when Whitsun came round*



*(11) Miss Ursula Serocold cheerfully considers the pros and cons of the bathing question. She was at Le Touquet with Lady Jean Mackintosh's party*

*(12) Mrs. Woolf Barnato, who always looks attractive and chooses her clothes so well, and Mrs. John Spencer, waiting to go back hotel-wards from the golf-course*

*Soldiers Entertain*

*Major-General C. J. C. Grant, G.O.C. London District since 1932, receives the guests at the Royal Tournament luncheon at Olympia*

*Left: Miss Irene Cholmondeley, Lord George Cholmondeley's only daughter, and her stepmother, Lady George Cholmondeley, went to hear the first performance of Strauss's "Arabella," at Covent Garden*

*Below: Lord Mottistone and Lord Hailsham, listening to Lord Riddell at the Royal Tournament luncheon*

*Two Cholmondeleys Go to Hear Strauss*

*My Lords are All Ears*

*Two Ex-Debs Sit in the Sun*

*The Hon. Doreen Gibbs, Lord Wraxall's half-sister, and Miss Alethea Talbot, Commander Reginald Talbot's daughter, are both enjoying an ex-deb season*

# Night and Day

## How the Twenty-Four Hours Go Spinning By in London

*"Accustomed as I am..."*

*Lord Riddell, who has to spend a good deal of his time speaking at public luncheons and dinners, was sketched during his speech at the Royal Tournament lunch*

*Right: Captain Richard Norton, Lili Damita, Mr. David Selznick, who's in England looking for David Copperfields, and Tallulah Bankhead, who has gone all Edwardian as to hair-dressing*

*Swaebe*

*Film Magnates and Magnets Go to Ciro's*

# CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

## No. 52.

## Lord Rothermere

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

HAROLD SIDNEY HARMSWORTH, first Viscount Rothermere, looks more like John Bull than any of his peers, despite his Irish extraction. The third of the fourteen children of a barrister-at-law, he started in the Civil Service at the age of sixteen, with the nickname of "Bunny" and a salary of very few pounds a year. Soon he joined his brother at *Answers*, and it is safe to say that, without him, neither Northcliffe nor the House of Harmsworth would have reached the glittering pinnacles that have made the name Harmsworth powerful throughout the world.

Though broadly built, Lord R. (as he is known to his staffs) is essentially restless. He walks incessantly up and down when he is indoors, with his hands in his pockets. When he does sit down for a brief moment, he positively jumps up again. One of his peculiarities is a terrifying habit of booming "What?" at you. It does not necessarily mean either that he has not heard you, or that he is anxious for information. It is just a mannerism. But the result is that he paralyses the average person with the interjection. Another of his peculiarities is that he never visits any of his offices. On the only occasion he did so in Glasgow, nobody recognised him, and he had to fill in a form to see his secretary.

IN private life he is the typical rich uncle of fiction. One night every week he takes out a dozen nephews and nieces to a dance, and a supper-time show. He has a flat in Stratton Street, a castle in Scotland, a house crammed with art treasures on the golf-course at Sunningdale, as well as St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park. He travels a great deal, and when he does so, takes a retinue of Rolls-Royces, valets, and nephews and nieces. His generosity is a by-word. His endowments of hospitals, universities, and other institutions must have run into nearly a million pounds. Always he is accompanied by "the Professor," his masseur, whose duties take up an hour every evening. In addition, Lord R. stays in bed one day each week. Recently he has given up smoking. He is, too, practically a teetotaller. But he is very fond of going off to Fortnum and Mason's, and trying out, schoolboy fashion, the richest and rarest of their most recent edibles.

He is a great reader, and if he likes some new book, he at once sends for the lucky author's total output. What else may I tell you about him? Well, his personal telephone and cable bill is probably the biggest of any individual in the world. He never carries silver on him. Instead, he starts the day with a handful of fivers. Some years ago he was definitely offered the crown of Hungary in recognition of his championing its cause in face of the outrageous Treaty of Versailles. He is so unmoved that even when a rat once ran up his leg as a boy he showed no emotion. He is fond of saying that Lord Beaverbrook is a second Northcliffe. He is devoted to his son Esmond, of whom he is a great admirer. But probably the person who knows this strangely retiring multi-millionaire best is his valet, Edward.

C

*Second Thoughts on First Nights*

# Crime and Character

*Love's young dream in New York. Tommy Carter (Bennett O'Loghlen), ex-safe-cracker and gangster, and his wife, Kitty Carter (Eve Gray), ex-cabaret dancer, find true love does not run smooth*

***"The Quitter" (Royalty Theatre)***

One of the minor interests in this sensational thriller, which it has taken four authors to write, is the new light it throws upon Chicago gangsters. Gat Charillo, the Boss, a sort of public enemy (No. 2, at least), finding business bad in the old home-town now that Prohibition is no more, comes to New York, and plans to rob James Marchant, a wealthy bachelor, of his priceless antique jewels. It is then we learn that Chicago gangsters have a profound respect for human life, for the Boss hopes to get possession of the gems by paying a visit to Marchant's apartment when he is being visited by a married lady, and resorting to blackmail rather than murder to achieve his nefarious end. Really, these gangsters, with an exception or so, are charming people, almost of the Michael Arlen brand. One of them is evidently kept by the Boss to give tone to the party, and speaks as neatly as he dresses, and is so polite that I doubt if he would insult a pansy in its bed. Another is such a good-hearted guy that he tries to double-cross the gang, simply out of sympathy for the oppressed; while a third so closely resembles the enterprising burglar who loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling and to listen to the merry village chime, that he eschews crime for domesticity and an honest job. As this "Quitter" is the only man, apparently, known to the gang who can open a safe with neatness and despatch (bad staff-work, this), they wish to retain his services on the proposed job, and because he has other views all the trouble invented by the four authors starts right away.

Just to complicate matters, the "Quitter's" wife was a friend of the rich Mr. Marchant, when she was performing in cabaret, and it is she who warns the jewel-hound of his danger, and, incidentally, stops the married woman keeping the appointment. What goes on in this apartment when the gang do arrive passes belief, but it is not the owner who gets a dose of lead, but one of the gang—"the dog it was who died"—and from the pistol of the "Quitter"!

Naturally, those left of the criminals show some annoyance at this turn of events, and are out to bump-off the "Quitter" who, aided and abetted by the sentimental gangster (he happens to be the "Quitter's" brother-in-law), makes a comfortable get-away with his wife; so comfortable, in fact, that I was really sorry for a bunch of criminals so easily deceived. Their acumen was so little in evidence that the sentimental one ought to have been able to outwit them too, but that would have spoilt the final picture of his being riddled by machine-gun bullets while climbing a fire-escape outside the window—a piece of stage carpentry which had excited my curiosity from the rise of the curtain—and falling, with what was doubtless a sickening thud, if we could have heard it, on to the cold, hard-hearted side-walk below.

When not marred by too much explanation as to what has happened and what was going to happen off-stage, the action is exciting enough to please those who like their plays hot and strong, while the sentiment ladled on with a trowel to the part of the good-hearted gangster, played with full-blooded vigour by Ben Welden, affords the necessary contrast. Bennett O'Loghlen and Eve Gray are the "quitter" and his wife, and give tense performances. Wilfred Fletcher is the "naice" criminal to the life, and Charles Farrell, as the Boss, makes quiet speech effective. As for Richard Gray—who has been a criminal so often at the Whitehall Theatre—it was something of a change for him to appear in a sympathetic rôle as the gem-collector, but I almost felt he deserved to be bumped-off for being such a vandal as to decant 1860 Napoleon brandy and hand it out in liqueur-glasses. Had there been five authors this might have been a masterpiece.

*Tough guys: James Marchant (Richard Gray) and Buddy Doyle (Ben Welden)*

*Bad eggs: Gat Charillo (Charles Farrell) and Judie Massara (Wilfred Fletcher)*

### *"Touch Wood" (Haymarket)*

WHEN C. L. Anthony, the author of those two successful plays, *Autumn Crocus* and *Service*, sticks to the vein of comedy, I take off my hat to her. She possesses an observant eye, a sense of humour, and that priceless gift of writing dialogue which is three times more effective when spoken than when read. The first Act in her new play, *Touch Wood*, which takes place in the lounge of an hotel on the north-west coast of Scotland, is a gem, though I think she has strained a dramatist's licence in selecting the types of guests stopping there. They are indeed a quaint collection and, what is more, are singularly affected by the Atlantic breezes, which appear to promote amativeness to an extraordinary degree.

While a vamping wife is alienating the affections of a fat Scotsman, the fat one's spouse, who objects to his carrying on by being carried off, and the vamp's downtrodden husband are the centre of the action, and a woman secretary, a silly-ass type of person and a dramatist of sorts are also in evidence, all is as merry as can be; but when the author's sentimental story holds the stage, I did not find my enjoyment so pronounced, for the love-interest has a tang to it which I found somewhat unpleasant.

This backbone of the play shows a middle-aged man, who is really devoted to his wife, being made love to by a girl of twenty-two, but who doesn't look a day older than fifteen, on a rock, to which they have gone by motor-boat, where she declares her love for him in terms which can leave no misapprehension. I can understand the husband, "vowing he would ne'er consent," allowing the girl to throw her arms round his neck, and his ultimate response, but what I cannot believe is that, on the return journey in the motor-boat, common sense would not supervene and, before the hotel was reached, the affectionate husband would not have had sufficient nous to prevent his momentary madness becoming known to his wife and doing all in his power to preserve her from the painful scene which necessarily ensued when the foolish child "spilled the beans." I feel that, psychologically, this is false, and its only justification is that it gives the third Act a chance of clearing up the mess and allowing this very juvenile vamp an opportunity of displaying self-abnegation, to the delight of all good moralists and a sentimental audience. But this particular brand of sentiment is one of the author's strong cards, and if *Autumn Crocus* is any criterion, this play will be a terrific success from the word "Go." That success will be helped by perfect acting and team work. Ian Hunter, as the husband, has a most difficult part, and I doubt if any other actor could have skated over the thin ice so skilfully. Marie Ney as the wife who cries over the inessentials, but shows backbone in a time of crisis, made this character real flesh and blood, while Dorothy Hyson, as the wife's rival, overcame obvious difficulties with sincerity. Next in importance comes Flora Robson, who imparts real freshness and character to a part which, all said and done, is only another "Charles, his friend," while, solely in the key of comedy, Dennis Arundell, Stafford Hilliard, Oriel Ross, Elliot Mason and Frank Pettingell are one and all square pegs in square holes. As a rule, I dislike children on the stage intensely, but as a brace of them, Pamela Standish and Desmond Tester caused me much amusement as long as the author allowed them to behave as children do—not necessarily as children should.

VERNON WOODHOUSE

*The tearful wife who cannot put up a fight for her husband, Sylvia Herriot (Marie Ney), and a lady with a past but no future, now engaged in the business world, Elizabeth Enticknap (Flora Robson)*

*Sketches by Rouson*

*An early-morning bather on the West Coast of Scotland who, too late, thought better of it: Julian Chance (Dennis Arundell)*

*Strong, silent man and foolish virgin. Robin Herriot (Ian Hunter) and Mab Lawrence (Dorothy Hyson), on the rocks, gain inspiration from the sunset*

# Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

## By "Big Ben"

MEMBERS always come back after their holidays with a belief that something at last is going to happen. What they expect to happen I don't know, but hope is one of the virtues a politician must possess—faith soon goes overboard; charity, though disarming, is subject to severe limitation.

THE rumour-mongers have been thoroughly active over Whitsuntide, not least with the possibilities of the report of the Committee of Privileges. So far as one can see, the India Defence League have loosed a boomerang on themselves which may have fatal results. Cabinet reconstruction is invariably a safe card to play, and persistently so when a Coalition Government is in office. And this time there have been the speculations on the Birthday Honours.

THE by-elections have been going so badly for the Government that the Prime Minister, I am told, is particularly anxious to prevent doubtful seats falling vacant. West Ham, though its loss was not a surprise at the end of the campaign, was at the beginning confidently expected to be held. Mr. Macnamara had the good sense to disarm any criticism that might have been made against him personally by apologising for his inexperience and blaming himself for the result. In fact, he was a good candidate, doing what he could to fight a difficult seat on a past record instead of a future programme. He felt handicapped, I know, by the lack of a forward policy. I hope he will fight again and be given a better chance to win.

THE Government's stock is low because the Prime Minister's stock is low. The Socialists are evidently determined to force Mr. MacDonald's hand so far as fighting Seaham is concerned. The odds are against his fighting, but if the charge of running away is preferred against him, he may find he cannot escape.

MR. THOMAS'S stock, on the other hand, is high. It was very low, but just before the House rose for Whitsun it was agreed on all sides that he had made a successful "come back." His speech to the 1922 Committee, which was freely prophesied to be a failure, was actually a triumph, and the New Zealand debate restored his prestige in the country.

THE Foreign Office and the Board of Trade are the least happy of the departments. The War Office, with the other defence Ministries, remains outside the picture, though Mr. Duff Cooper manages a frame-up from time to time. Mr. Hore-Belisha is rapidly progressing in the art of not being too clever. I wish he would pass his discarded mantle on to one or two of his colleagues. Mr. Ramsbotham does not inspire us with the needs of Education.

APART from Mr. MacDonald's initiation into the mysteries of racing—the language of the stable, incidentally, is most applicable to politics—we had few excitements to take away with us to our constituencies. The fact that Mr. Macquisten, when he sits in the Park, pays for his ticket and keeps it, seems to me to be strictly in accordance with Scotch practice. Sir William Davison, who sits for South Kensington and, doubtless, in the Park, too, on occasions, may have thought that his particular preserve was being threatened. At any rate, he didn't let Mr. Macquisten get away with the question all to himself.

MOST Members have their own pet subjects on which they regard themselves as authorities, though their fellow M.P.s are not so polite. When Mr. Boothby gets up it is either inflation or the herring that has got him to his feet. The Duchess of Atholl slips away every time on butter—the Russian brand. Mr. Mason's gold anchor tries to grapple us to his side.

*When Mr. Boothby gets up it is either inflation or the herring that has got him to his feet. The Duchess of Atholl slips away every time on butter—the Russian brand*

# Channel Hoppers

## The Le Touquet Week-End Again

### *Toujours Le Golf*

*Above: Count and Countess Paul Munster and Captain "Babe" Barnato were in the daily golf parade at "Le Tooks"*

*Left: Mrs. Freddie White and Mrs. Nicky Kasterine in the garden of the Golf Hotel. Mrs. Kasterine's husband is Roumanian, and a Monte Carlo summer regular. She was Miss Katherine White, and is Mr. White's sister*

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny went on the Le Touquet Whitsun merry-go-round: they were photographed on the golf-course with Mr. Percy Quilter, who is Sir Cuthbert Quilter's brother*

*Mrs. Peter Horlick and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe were both very neat in their grey flannel suits; walking with them is Mr. Malise Stewart*

*Mr. Mitchell, Miss Thomson, Mr. Charles and Lady Jean Mackintosh, and Mr. George Sale lined up on the railing near the club-house, where most of the photographing of golfers takes place*

# The Team for Nottingham

## By Howard Marshall

*H. J. Enthoven, the Harrow and Cambridge cricketer, who now captains Middlesex, going to the nets for a knock-up, at Lord's*

WE move swiftly to the serious business of the season, for at the end of this week the Test trial match begins at Lord's. In a fortnight, moreover, we come to grips in earnest with Australia, at Trent Bridge, and I cannot believe that our esteemed Selectors find themselves altogether easy in their minds.

I suppose most of us are playing the amiable game of picking our version of an England team, and a peculiarly difficult job it is. There are too many candidates for inclusion—not a bad fault, perhaps, but it does complicate the issue.

Look, for instance, at the problem of our opening pair of batsmen. We may presume that Sutcliffe will be one of them, but who is to go in with him? On his form for M.C.C. against the Australians, we might plump for R. E. S. Wyatt, who certainly has earned a place in the team somewhere, and may very well captain it. Wyatt is an extremely sound player, with the right temperament, but it may be argued that we should keep him to fill the gap left by Jardine at No. 5 in the batting order.

We must remember, though, that if we are to win these Test Matches in four days we shall have to make our runs at a reasonable speed, unless we get some queer wickets. Supposing, then, we have Wyatt to hold the fort in Jardine's place, we shall need someone who is capable of pushing the score along as Sutcliffe's partner.

This rather rules out Mitchell, of Yorkshire, who has been suggested as a possible No. 2, for Mitchell is solid and stolid enough, and might be useful at the Oval, when the match is played to a finish. At Nottingham, though, we cannot waste the half-volley, and C. F. Walters, if he plays as he did against Northants, must still be in the running. There 's Barnett, too, he has been getting runs; and what about Gregory, of Surrey?

Gregory is in fine form just now, and a grand, bustling player he is. We might do worse than Gregory. Then there is Paynter, of Lancashire, with his fighting reputation and his speed in the field, and we can do with another left-hander.

DIFFICULT, isn't it? Next, of course, comes the great Hammond, and we are all hoping that the injury to his back will yield to treatment. It would indeed be a tragedy for England if Hammond were out of action. And then what do you say to Hendren? Call him a veteran if you will, but remember that innings of his at Lord's, and ask yourself whether you would rather have Hendren facing Grimmett and O'Reilly, or some relatively inexperienced youngster. Personally, I am all for experience, and Hendren goes into my team without hesitation.

*Nigel Haig, the well-known Middlesex bowler and former Captain, seen loosening his arm*

*S. H. Brown of the M.C.C., who plays for Hertfordshire in the Minor Counties' Competition, returns after a bit of batting practice*

Next, Wyatt, and after him, Leyland, who has started the season well. After that, Ames, if he is fit enough and in practice; R. W. V. Robins, G. O. Allen, who may find time to play, after all; Verity and Farnes or Nichols. Incidentally, Nichols, with his valuable left-handed batting, would have to go higher up in the order. I have an idea, though, that Farnes may be given a chance, assuming, of course, that Larwood cannot play, and it is most unlikely that he will be in proper trim. Farnes certainly bowled with great fire at Chelmsford, and he has all the makings of an outstanding fast bowler.

I SEEM to have burnt my boats pretty thoroughly, but looking over this team again, I believe it would at least hold its own against most others that could be picked. Sutcliffe and Paynter to open; Hammond and Hendren to demoralise the bowling; Wyatt as a sheet-anchor, in case of accidents; Leyland, with his left-hand aggression; Ames, good for a hundred; Robins, good for another hundred; Allen and Verity, both capable batsmen; Farnes, the only rabbit; and, if Nichols plays, no tail at all.

As for the bowling, Allen and Farnes to open; Verity, the slow-medium left-hander; Robins, with his funny stuff, brilliant on his day; Hammond, Wyatt and Leyland, all change bowlers of merit; and Hammond rather better than that. A pretty strong side, on the whole, though perhaps it could do with one more bowler.

THIS makes me think of the players I have omitted, and a formidable list they make. Clark, for instance, and Voce, the Nawab of Pataudi—if it is agreed that he is really qualified to play for England—B. H. Valentine, I. A. R. Peebles, C. S. Marriott, F. R. Brown, James Langridge, Keeton and Tate, who is still a bowler to be respected.

One thing is quite certain—Valentine is an England cricketer in the making, and very nearly made at that. His innings for M.C.C. against the Australians was decidedly impressive. Marriott, too, bowled with great skill on that day—if only he could field and bat a bit! F. R. Brown, too, showed signs of having regained his vicious spin, and Peebles has recaptured his leg-break.

This plethora of talent may be confusing, but it is also most encouraging. I don't know what the Australians think about it, but they must have realised by now that English cricket is in a reasonably healthy state, to put it mildly. Not that they need worry unduly, for their new recruits are making good over here—Chipperfield, Brown and Darling. This Darling is a glorious player, a left-hander of the Woolley school who really puts his bat to the ball with the true left-hander's grace and power. We may have reason to talk a great deal about him before the season is over.

# White Hopes at the White City

*F. A. S. Gentry (Oxford) threw the discus exactly 125 ft. 1½ in.*

*Right: W. Wiklund (London), the winning thrower of the javelin—158 ft. 2 in.*

*Starter: F. H. Hulford*

*Evan A. Hunter, O.B.E., M.A., Secretary of the U.A.U.*

*H. C. Lomax, Hon. Secretary of the L.A.C. (left) and Dr. J. A. Voelcker, C.I.E., President of the L.A.C.*

*Right: W. T. Squires (Oxford) winning the one mile in fine style*

*H. M. McKechnie, M.A., Hon. Treasurer of the U.A.U.*

*R. J. Jeffery (London) caught winning the half-mile*

*Below: D. G. A. Lowe, M.A., Chairman of the U.A.U.*

*J. E. Lovelock (Oxford) like the unemployed actor, "resting"*

*Robin Murdock (Glasgow) wins both the 220 yards and 100 yards. A good double*

Impressions by Our Special Artist, H. H. Harris, of some of the Executive and Competitors at the Universities Athletic Union Athletic Championships, organised in conjunction with the London Athletic Club, at the White City Stadium

# The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

*Madeleine Carroll*

*The lovely English actress as she appears in her first American picture, "The World Moves On," of which advance rumour speaks very highly. Madeleine Carroll arrived back in England from the States about ten days ago*

*"We're Not Dressing"*

*Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby, and Ethel Merman in the light-hearted song-and-comedy film which was showing at the Plaza last week*

### *"The Loves of Ariane"*

PERHAPS it does not matter what parts Elisabeth Bergner plays, so long as she is there, on the stage or on the screen, to entrance the enthusiasts. She has her particular method and her peculiar charm. But I think it would be more fair to the public, and therefore to the actress herself, if she had a little more material and a little better support than she has in this picture. *The Loves of Ariane* are imaginary, invented because her one and only love said he would never have an affair with a young and innocent girl. The play depends entirely on this motive, and the consequent relationship between Ariane and Anthony. He suffers from an "I-have-been-deceived" complex, especially when he is undeceived. He ought to have known, after all the months the play has run, that he could escape her never! Percy Marmont's staginess is painfully apparent in juxtaposition to Bergner's artless art.

### *"We're Not Dressing"*

OF course, film titles are not designed to describe the intent or content of a picture, but merely to draw the poster-student to the box-office. If *We're Not Dressing* suggests anything, it must infer, to the socially minded, an informal party, and to the experienced film-goer that, if they are not dressing, they are probably undressing. (Carole Lombard does once, but behind a rock.) As an assessor of public taste, ignoring pedantic distaste, I put *We're Not Dressing* among the favourites in the popularity stakes. It is a light-hearted and successful combination of wine (or, rather, whisky), women (Carole Lombard and Gracie Allen), and song (Bing Crosby), well seasoned with humour, and it has even the vestiges of a plot.

Bing Crosby croons a lot, but acts as well, doing the aloof lover and strong he-man stuff in an agreeable manner, and an American sailor's hat. Carole Lombard, with coiffurial affiliation to Yvonne Printemps in the early sequences, conventionalises the spoiled heiress chastened by love for a common sailor with an uncommonly good voice and a way with women—and bears. Droopy, the bear, is the real star and comedian of the picture. Her reactions to Crosby's incantations are really funny; her amorous "passes" can only be checked at the psychological moment by one song—"Good-night, Lovely Little Lady!"

You have a luxury yacht, an heiress to millions, a sailor-lover who is also a crooner, a comic shipwreck, a desert island, Burns and Allen as naturalists (and she invents a mouse-trap!)—I don't see what more you can have in one "musical" (technical term) without over-crowding.

### *"Warn London"*

THE story turns on the likeness of a criminal, operating in Paris, to a detective inspector at Scotland Yard, sent to Paris when they "warn London" that there is a plot to steal a million pounds'-worth of gold on its way to the docks. Neither the crooks who substitute the thief for the detective, the girl-friend, or, supposedly, the audience, know which is which. The picture is frankly melodrama, quite good of its kind. It is interesting to note the competence and conviction with which John Loder plays the dual rôle. He is no longer merely a good-looking young man. He has assurance and ease of manner; his voice and diction are excellent. He is due for a really interesting part.

Loder and Edmund Gwenn "carry" the picture. Gwenn is somewhat oddly cast as a German professor of criminology who turns criminal, and plans and organises the perfect crime, with signal lack of success. Why he alone, in a film of which the background is mainly Parisian and the characters cosmopolitan, should speak broken English, is rather more puzzling than the mystery of the plot; but actors like these experiments.

It is almost incredible that any actress could give such a bad performance as Leonora Corbett does in *Warn London*. Her every gesture, expression and intonation is false and amateurish. She has appeared to be quite a good actress and attractive-looking on the stage. She should never go near a camera or a microphone again if they do this to her.

### *"Flying Down to Rio"*

ONE of the best musical-comedy films comes at last to the Regal. Dolores del Rio is the heroine; Gene Raymond the hero. They both know how to act, and have excellent amorous and humorous material. Fred Astaire dances and "wise-cracks" inimitably. He has the last word, and it is witty. The music and the dance numbers are superlatively good. I have never seen a "stunt" so effective as the variety and acrobatic "turns" executed on the wings of a fleet of aeroplanes over the town of Rio.

# Bergner's New Film

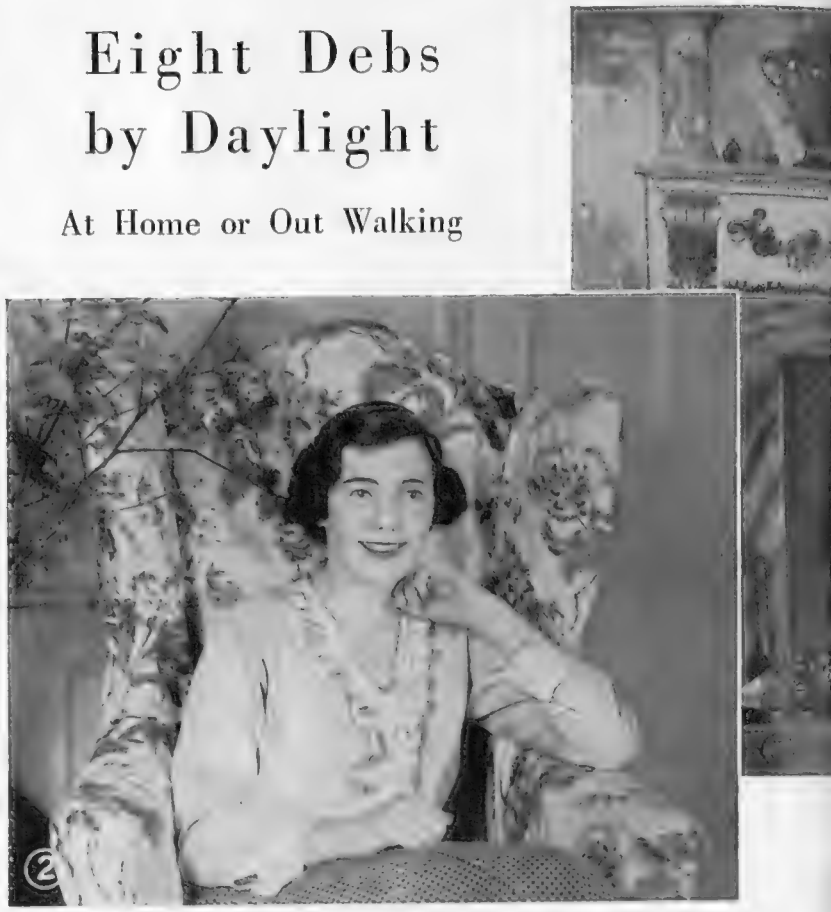
## "The Loves of Ariane"

*"Ariane—Jeune Fille Russe," Claude Anet's beautiful love-story, was a brilliant choice as basis for a film for Elisabeth Bergner. Here, at last, in the vivid complex character of the Russian girl, and in the development of her relationship with the man, older than herself, with whom she fell in love and whom she so curiously deceived, this actress should find material worthy of all the range and subtility of her art. "The Loves of Ariane," as the screen adaptation has, rather ominously, been called, has been directed by Dr. Paul Czinner and will be shown shortly. Percy Marmont takes the part of the girl's lover*

# Eight Debs by Daylight

## At Home or Out Walking

*Miss Peta Davis*



*Miss Bettine Tollemache*

*The Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston*

Swaebe

*Miss Averil Loyd*

*Miss Florrie Owen*

Swaebe

*The Hon. Nefertari Bethell*

Swaebe

*Miss Jennifer Fry*

Swaebe

*Miss Virginia Gilliat*

*(1)* ***Peta Davis:*** *Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis's daughter; is rising twenty; plays tennis in Cadogan Place; works hard on charity committees; went to the First Court*

*(2)* ***Bettine Tollemache:*** *presented by her mother, Mrs. Henry Tollemache; is eighteen this year; has a brother, Tony, at Oxford; went winter-sporting at Sestrières*

*(3)* ***Nefertari Bethell:*** *Lord Westbury's only sister; daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell; one of the youngest of the debs; had a dance given for her before Easter*

*(4)* ***Jennifer Fry:*** *only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fry; knows all the political stuff; presented by Lady Fry at the First Court; her coming-out dance is in July*

*(5)* ***Pearl Lawson-Johnston:*** *youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Luke; has three sisters; was presented by her mother at the First Court; lives in Portland Place*

*(6)* ***Averil Loyd:*** *daughter of Mrs. Ralph Stobart and the late Major Lewis Loyd; her mother and Thelma, Lady Furness, give a dance for her to-morrow, at Claridge's*

*(7)* ***Florrie Owen:*** *is half-American; lives in Paris with her father, Mr. Richard Owen; her mother, Mrs. du Pont Coudert, gave a dance for her earlier this month*

*(8)* ***Virginia Gilliat:*** *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gilliat; was presented by her mother at the First Court; niece of Sir Guy Chetwynd; lives in Stanhope Place*

"Just dust them and put them back again, Henry"

# Standing By...

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

**By "The Bystanders"**

***Fun at St. Stephen's***

MR. A. P. HERBERT, wit, novelist, poet, dramatist, reformer, orator, is still chasing the politicians. As we go to press, he is opening up on the drink front, with an application for a summons against the House of Commons for selling drink out of hours. The defence will be, presumably, that St. Stephen's is a Royal Palace, and that therefore the licensing laws do not apply. If the defence succeeds, the next move will be, probably, to organise the sales of dope or of Irish Sweep tickets within the sacred precincts. The whole country ought to be grateful to Mr. Herbert for adding so notably to the gaiety of the nation.

***Leave Us a Moment, M. Boulestin***

THIS is a true tale of the manners and customs of the age. A hundred years hence social historians will rub their hands with glee when they light upon this paragraph, and they will thank their stars that people like us were about the place in 1934, observing, recording, and commenting. However, let us get on with our little anecdote. A famous captain of a famous liner was bowling along the quayside on the banks of the Clyde, when he met his chief steward, bowling along towards the city. The steward was dressed up to the nines, or even further, and the captain stopped him and enquired the reason for so much splendour. The steward bashfully explained that he was off to get married to the bonniest Scots lassie that ever was seen. The captain, a wise old philosopher, shook his head and said: "But can she cook, Steward, can she cook? That is the most important thing." The steward became lyrical in his enthusiasm. "Can she cook, Sir," he cried. "Cook? Cook? Sir, she 's the grandest wee hand with a tin-opener in the whole of Clydeside!"

***Petrol and Oils***

WE dropped into the Alpine Club Gallery the other day, in the course of our ceaseless quest for news for you, darling ones, and there we saw an exhibition of paintings by a Danish artist named Petersen. They were landscapes and seascapes of Greenland, and oh, girls! Greenland looks a cold place. Take our advice and don't go there. Mr. Petersen found it so chilly that he had to mix petrol with his paints to keep them from freezing. The results of this mixture are quite admirable, but then, you can be sure of Shell, can't you?

***Fatal Fascination***

NO, this is not an autobiographical note, although, as you so shrewdly point out, it well might be. We are talking, not about ourselves, but still about Greenland. This place seems to hypnotise the youth of Denmark and Britain. Hiking and viking are the modern crazes. Every day we pick up our paper and find that some new expedition has sailed for G's icy mountains, as the hymnologist so accurately described them. So far as we are concerned, you can have Greenland. We don't want it.

***The Minimum Lunch***

THE Ministry of Health has been diving into the calories again, and has announced that about five bob will feed a hard-working man for a week, but adds the cautious remark: "It all depends on the circumstances." By thunder, the Ministry of Health is right. We knew a Polish professor once who had a theory that the less you ate the harder you worked, and he told us that he managed to cut the salt-miners on his ancestral estate down to two lettuce-leaves a day, and their output of salt was something prodigious in consequence. (He would have got it down to one lettuce-leaf a day, he told us, but some nasty, jealous chaps slipped along an alienist and got him certified and bunged him into the loony-bin.) But though two lettuce-leaves may be all right for a Polish salt-worker, would they be enough, say, for the Viscount C-stl-r-ss-? And that is why we agree with the Minister of Health about it "all depending on circumstances."

*"Honest, Sergeant, I can't tell one tune from another"*

*"Mr. Philpot is so entertaining, don't you think?"*

entirely without a sense of humour. Actually, he had a most glorious sense of fun. We ourselves were once told a true story about him which we have never seen in print. At a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum, the Secretary reported that some of the newspapers of thirty and forty years ago were deteriorating in storage. Indeed, he opened one box, containing the file of a sporting paper of the 'eighties, and found that it had entirely crumbled away to dust. Lord Curzon leaned across the table and enquired, with the blandest innocence, "And was the dust of a pink nature?"

***The Walker Cup***

THIS is already an old, unhappy what-d'you-call-it. (There 's a poetry bit ought to come in here, but our retired air-vice-commodore, who looks after the poetry stuff for us, is away on holiday. He is collecting wild anemones and maidenhair-fern for a posy for the Peter Pan statue. Rather a sweet idea, don't you think, or don't you?) Anyway, the Walker Cup is over and done with, and we don't propose to comment upon it. But we would like to draw your attention to the extraordinary forbearance of the Fleet Street boys. Not one of them called it the Walk-over Cup, and when you stop and reflect for a moment just how far the boys can go if they are really set to it, you will appreciate this gesture of self-sacrifice.

***Note on Polish Affairs***

THERE has been a change of Government in Poland, but as we can neither spell nor pronounce the names of any of the old ministers, nor any of the new ministers, we won't say anything more about it. Why should we have said as much as that, you may ask. You may ask, certainly; but we jolly well aren't going to tell you.

***Offspring of an Ancient Game***

WE were taken yesterday to see a brand-new game being played, and it appeared to us to be a fascinating game. To explain it, we must tell you a long story, but such is our magical charm of writing that we know you won't object to that. At

***This Week's Cricket Team***

FOLLOWING our team of toughs and our team of angels, we descend, this week, to the severely practical, and propose to place in the field an eleven of craftsmen and tradesmen. A little bourgeois, you say? Well, perhaps; but it is a bourgeois age. Next week we will see what can be done about the nobility. Earle, of Somerset, might lead a team of blue-blood. But that must wait. Our craftsmen's innings is opened by Mason (Kent) and Slater (Derbyshire), and, of course, they are supported by Carpenter (Notts). These three ought to build a solid foundation, and Paynter, of Lancs, will add a brightness. The bowling will be mainly in the hands of that trusty Glamorgan pair, Mercer and Glover, and Chapman will have an opportunity of displaying his wares. Notts provide a Butler, and Northants a Clark, and Middlesex weigh-in with a Tanner. The side is completed by a Hunter (Yorks), and, of course, by its well-known medical adviser, Pothecary, of Hampshire.

***The Curzon Legend***

THE publication of Mr. Harold Nicolson's new book about Curzon will strike a powerful blow at the false legend, and a powerful blow for the true legend, about that extraordinary and gifted man. The story used to be widely held that he was pompous and arrogant, and

*"It's all right, our bath-room scales are out of order"*

Prince's Club, there were formerly two tennis courts, and when we say tennis, we mean tennis. Not that funny little game with soft balls that people play out of doors. The real, ancient, royal, superb game of tennis. But there were not enough players to keep two courts busy, so one of them was divided into squash courts. But one end was left with part of the pent-house (technical term) and the tambour (ditto), because it was not suitable for squash. A new game, therefore, has been invented for this unique court, and christened Trinquet. It is played with racquets and a fast, soft ball, and it contains the most amazing variety of subtleties. At present the virtuosi are only exploring the possibilities, and are finding new ones every day. It is a far more intricate and amusing game than squash.

***Novel Fortresses***

OUR military correspondent, Miss Bethiah Tabitha Tweet, writes to us about an interesting military mission which is shortly leaving Paris for Hollywood. It appears from Miss Tweet (and, between ourselves, she is deplorably inaccurate after a glass or two of absinthe frappée) that the French military authorities are dissatisfied with the system of fortification which has been built between the North Sea and Switzerland, and are anxious to study the defence arrangements of Miss Marlene Dietrich against the kidnappers. There is, in particular, a system of co-ordinating the fire of 15-inch howitzers on to a given spot, which is intriguing the French experts. And another technical apparatus which is likely to arouse interest, says Miss Tweet, is the contrivance for discharging a hundred land-mines simultaneously, and at the same time letting loose a vast volume of chlorine-gas. France has much to learn from Miss Dietrich, it appears. But, we must repeat, Bethiah is not always very strong upon her facts.

*"Ah, how nice; Nigger Minstrels"*

## *THESPÆANS*

**No. 35.—A Haul from the Halls**

SARTORIAL DISTINCTION OF FAMOUS DISEUSE

Miss Gertie Gitana
Has a silver top-hat and ingenuous mana

RISIBLE EDUCATIONAL METHODS OF COMEDIAN

Will Hay never fails to tickle 'em
With his elastic, scholastic curricelem.

HOGSNORTON CHAMPION'S UNIVERSAL POPULARITY

The "fans" of Gillie Potter
Think he 's too otterly otter.

NOTABLE OMISSION OF POPULAR COMÉDIENNE

Miss Nellie Wallace
Has never sung in Lambeth Pollace.

VOCAL ATTRIBUTE OF NOTED HUMORIST

Mr. Max Miller
Earns gold with a tongue like quicksiller.

IMITATIVE POWERS OF TALENTED CALEDONIAN

Mr. Will Fyffe
Takes off Glaswegians to the lyffe.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF FAMOUS ENTERTAINER

Billy Bennett owes his entry
To Fame by *not* being one of the gentry.

COMPARATIVE QUALITIES OF NOTED WAGS

The humours of Harry Tate are
Greater than those of Walter Pater.

B. W.

***Aviation Note***

SOME years ago, a famous Oxford professor was challenged by irreverent undergraduates to write a limerick containing the word "helicopter." The learned man retired thoughtfully to his study and emerged some hours later in triumph with the following masterpiece—

A man met a maid and he stopped her,
And said he would like to adopt her.
The maid turned to fly
But the man was too spry,
He pursued her—and, by hell! he
copped her.

***Nautical Notes***

THE Pink Star liner Gigantania arrived in Barking Creek yesterday with the news that it cut the Eddystone Lighthouse in half in a thick fog on the previous evening. "You couldn't see your hand in front of your face," said a well-known film-star to our representative. "Nor behind it either," added her fourth husband wittily. We all roared.

The Yellow Planet liner Vulgaria arrived this morning in the Beauly River, Hampshire, and reported that it had rammed, and cut in half, the Victory in Portsmouth Harbour in a thick fog.

The Vulgaria was making for Rio de Janeiro at the time, but the fog was so thick that it got into the gyroscopic compass and jammed it. Hence the humorous mishap. "It was so thick," said a well-known politician to our representative, "that if you had put a bribe in front of my nose, I honestly don't believe I would have seen it." Our representative whistled. "Was it as thick as all that?" he asked. "Yes," replied the politician.

THE BYSTANDERS.

*Mrs. Ronnie Aird and her sister, Mrs. Peter Thursby, were both wearing taffeta evening coats at the Curzon. With them is Mr. Peter Thursby. Mr. Ronnie Aird is assistant secretary to the M.C.C.*

*Below : the Marquis de Capelli and Lady Pamela Smith were in the audience for the first night of the third film at "Mayfair's own cinema"*

# Cinema "Socials"

## The World Première of "Rapt," at the Curzon

*Right : the Hon. Mrs. James Beck and Lord Ivor Churchill waiting for the film to start*

*Below : Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who was wearing an orchid in his button-hole, came with Lady Mary Lygon*

*Countess Paul Munster on her way to her seat for "Rapt," which is a beautifully-photographed but somewhat slow-actioned story of a vendetta in the Swiss mountains*

*The Start for the Prince's Handicap at Gatwick, won by Our Hope*

*"D'yer Know Anything?"*

*Was not what Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Dominions Secretary, is seen asking Gordon Richards at Gatwick. His knowledge of racing, not shared by the Prime Minister, warned him that jockeys are forbidden to give tips*

# A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

I HAVE invented a new game. Just at first it may strike you as being rather a cruel game, but on reflection you will realise that there is an element of cruelty in all sports indulged in by "decent" people.

IT is simplicity itself, and can be played in the Members' Enclosure or in the paddock at any park course or at Brighton. All you have to do is to thread your way to where the crowd is thickest and shout "Here come the Nazis!" Since the introduction of this game, the scurry provided by the "chosen" race has invariably proved the best race of the day.

I HAVE been taken to task for ignoring the victory of Windsor Lad, in the Newmarket Stakes, in our last week's issue, but it really wasn't my fault. The approach of a Church festival or a Bank Holiday has the most extraordinary effect on the Editor. These sacred days seem to mean nothing to him, save that they are occasions when "Regular's" copy has to be in the office days earlier than usual. And *that*, my friends, is the reason for my apparent discourtesy to H.H. the Maharajah of Rajpipla and his gallant steed.

IF Colombo is relatively as good over 1½ miles as he is over a mile, and, even more important, if he doesn't go balmy before the race, then the race will resolve itself into a great struggle for second place. If, on the other hand, Colombo doesn't stay (though, judging by the way he has finished in all his other races, he could go on for ever), or if he goes "mental," then Windsor Lad, a genuine stayer, must have a tremendous chance of winning the Derby.

I TAKE off my hat (the one I shall wear at the Derby) to Marcus Marsh, first and foremost for being a thundering good judge of a yearling, and secondly for the patient manner in which he has trained Windsor Lad. A backward horse as a two-year-old, if he had been hurried he might easily have been ruined, but Marcus made no serious effort to train him till almost the back-end of the season.

IT is an open secret now that Marcus bought Windsor Lad for 1500 guineas without his Highness's permission. The latter was not best pleased, but Marcus pulled a rare bit of bluff, explaining that he could there and then sell him at a profit, and "Mr. Pip" was pacified. Now he would not take ten times that sum for him.

AS, by this time, you have undoubtedly done in the lot, I will not dwell on the fact that backers had a wonderful week at Newmarket; and at Hurst Park on Whit Monday we had such a murky day that I began to think that it might have been cheaper to have gone to Le Touquet.

IT was very pleasant to welcome Mrs. Rank back again after a week devoted to the dogs. Don't run away with the idea that she had been watching a number of half-witted animals chasing a toy hare. Oh, no: her activities had been confined to sitting quietly at the Crystal Palace and every now and then getting up and receiving a nice Cup.

IN the Sorrel Plate, Mr. Rank ran a charming two-year-old called Gleamer. It was badly away and yet finished fourth, and should win its enthusiastic owner some very nice races. Another two-year-old which finished fourth on its initial appearance, and which should also do yeoman service to its owner, Lord Woolavington, is Ben Marshall. Now you can't say any more that Uncle doesn't give you future winners.

THE going was very hard at Hurst Park, and Umidwar was not risked, though, judging from the result, the race would have been nothing more than an exercise canter for him. The fact that a number of Derby horses are missing races they could hardly help winning is not very reassuring for their connections or for the people who have backed them. Umidwar was palpably backward when he ran in the Two Thousand, and Butters must have longed to shove another race into him before the Derby, so it can only have been fear of his breaking down which made him decide not to run the horse last Monday.

QUITE a lot of our best-known Regulars and Regulasses gave Hurst Park a miss, and I must say I envied them on the Monday, though the majority of us got a bit back on the Tuesday, when Mrs. Vernet (who can't bear to see me go home losing) let me lay 2 to 1 on our old friend Knighted. This horse has proved a god-send to punters, and his enthusiastic owner runs him for our benefit about once a week.

BEFORE the good thing passed the post a neck to the good, the Orby Lass colt, belonging to Lord Castlerosse, gave us a bad fright. It was a very hot day, and his Lordship broke out much in the way that Colombo does before a big race, but, fortunately for his many admirers, the portly Viscount refrained from letting out with his heels, or some of those who pressed round to get a better view of him might have sustained serious injury.

HIS LORDSHIP has often told us that he is not very fond of racing, and I fear that Orby Lass colt may have become infected by his fond master's dislike of the game. While he was racing on the bit, he looked sure to beat Knighted, but when Harry Wragg asked him for an effort, his tail went round and he did not seem to relish a struggle; or perhaps it was that he realised how many impecunious people had laid the odds on Knighted, and, having also inherited his owner's warm heart, he had compassion on them.

# GOING OUT

*Mr. Peter Crossman is with his wife and sister, Miss Maria Crossman. He owns Sir John Simon's old house, Fritwell Manor, Bicester, which makes the background of the picture*

*Major R. V. Martyn, Coldstream Guards, Commandant of the Royal Tournament, and Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Adjutant of the Blues, and in charge of their Tournament contingent*

Sketches by Molly Bishop

LONDON'S amusement pendulum swung its Whitsun holiday-makers to Le Touquet, where it dumped them for a few days: let us not suggest that it was pleased to be rid of them. The doughty deeds performed in the Casino were legion. They must have been; for Dr. Pouget, the Mayor of Paris-Plage, sprang lightly out of bed on Whit Monday, picked up the telephone at 10 a.m., and asked for news of the night's takings. "Play has not yet finished," was the reply; but even by then the Casino had made 800,000 francs, which is an improvement on the record 1928 figures. Play was solidly good all the time—at three louis tables one saw banks of three milles running, so the small regular punters had to go off to the roulette, of which four tables were going. The crowd in the Casino was really too much—even those predatory, hawk-like females who wander round the table looking for "mille-y" males found it hard to get about: it developed into a sort of meandering church-parade. Of course there were rows; there always are. I heard one woman exclaim, "I 'm going back to England to-morrow: my husband 's broken his promise." And this was on the Friday night; if all wives had taken that point of view there would not have been many left on the Saturday night. Another wife had to take her husband, plus two black eyes, back to London on the Sunday.

THERE was a very large contingent from the Stock Exchange. Mr. Philip Rhodes ran a bank twice, and the third time was "banco-ed" by a man with a white tie—and in a casino; no wonder he lost, poor man! Similarly, it is always unwise to "banco" a fat old lady wearing a lot of diamonds. Lady Willoughby de Broke did not seem to be playing so much as at Easter. Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Cruise lent an air of dignity to the proceedings; there was June, sitting behind Mr. Van Praage at the big table; Mr. Claude Leigh running a large bank with Mrs. Norman Laski; Mr. Beddington Behrens trying to find a seat at the big table; Violet Loraine winning money; and Lord Portarlington rather disappointing everybody with no novelties in clothes. Perhaps they are in reserve for the Buck's Club Golf Handicap on July 7th. Mrs. Charles Sweeny looked pale and interesting, and much more as if the sea air of a cruise should be in her lungs, and not the atmosphere of un-opened windows. Three tall figures were those of Mrs. Charles Cartwright, Countess Paul Munster, and Mrs. Vernon Tate.

THERE were very few French visitors; they were mostly at Deauville, though one noticed the Comtesse de la Bérandière, Mme. Thion de la Chaume, and Count "Kiki" de Gabriac. There were several French women, but I think they had mostly come from Maxim's, in Paris. The secretary of the Golf Club, Mr. Hobson, worked wonders: over 600 caddies were employed in one day. Mr. Percy Quilter won the *Figaro* Cup. "Well done, P.Q.!" greeted his return to the Stock Exchange.

AFTER the session at Le Touquet, many felt they still wanted a breath or two of French air, so moved down to Paris. There they could spend some of those hard-won francs, see the dress collections, while the husbands prepare to pay (though they get an inspection of the mannequins thrown in for their money), and lunch, cocktail and dine hoping to meet all the same people whom they have a few hours left behind. Otherwise, Paris is deemed "empty." At the Ambassadeurs, Mr. Antony and Lady Veronica Hornby—who not only look happily married, but are—were in a party with Miss Toto Koopman and Count Hans Czernin; the Archie Campbells were with the Simon Marks, which, if a novelty to Parisians, is not to Mayfairers, and Lady Castlerosse came in with Mr. Franz Mannheimer, who is a very rich banker and great art connoisseur. Mrs. Peter Horlick was another who watched the Hofmann Girls in the cabaret—and they were not very good. All those mentioned could have been seen, later in the evening, at Chez Florence, where all Victor's old friends get a real welcome. The Ritz Bar is its usual

*Mr. Tom Webster and one of Les Paradise Club Girls at Ciro's*

# TO GOINGS-ON "The Bystander" in Society

*Miss José Collins and Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth looking less gay than serious at the Old Gaiety Days Ball at the Savoy*

*Captain Maurice Kingscote watching a horse event of some kind somewhere in the West Country*

expansive, un-exclusive self; the George V. has been very full and is very popular with English visitors. I am told that the hats of Roberte Cusey are pretty neat. She certainly is herself, is the heiress to a big fortune, and coming over to London very shortly. For the benefit of ambitious Mayfairers, she is unmarried.

FOR those who visit Paris and do not always want to be "Ritzy," as the Americans say, a visit to Nine is recommended. Let me add at once that this is quite respectable: it is a tiny Provençal restaurant in Montmartre, with only eight tables. Nine owns a large hotel in St. Raphael, is a wonderful cook, and a wonderful character. All the members of the French Government feed there—even they have to ring up three days in advance to book a table. Another of her famous patrons is Scarface Joe, the Deputy Mayor of Montmartre, a most engaging character, and a far better friend than enemy.

AS I predicted a short time ago, Mr. Eddy Eily is taking up his abode again at Claridge's. During his absence his suite has been occupied at times by Princess Mdivani. Mr. Eily, around whom is always a great air of mystery and a number of very pretty women, has been giving large parties in Paris, Barcelona, and Rome; these are to be continued in London.

MR. PEEPS

### *Woman to Woman*

IT's no good trying to get the Old Gaiety Days spirit when you've got the 1934 streamline body, although an enormous number of people tried the other night at the Old Gaiety Days Ball, at the Savoy. Take, for example, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, who was one of the organisers. She would need a lot of padding and miles of taffeta to produce the bust-and-bustle effect. We definitely prefer her as she was, in black, and wearing her lovely diamonds. She had an enormous party, which included Miss Eileen Brougham, who, for the first part of the evening, was selling programmes and buttonholes for vast sums of money. In another party was Mr. "Fordy" Flower, who is a cousin of Captain Cunningham-Reid. Others in the Reids' party were Lord Brecknock, who had taken leave of Les Girls by way of a change; Lady Warrender, in pale-blue, with a ribbon in her hair, was most attractive. She never looks a day older. Lady Alexander was, of course, present, magnificent in white, with a tiara to crown all. She really is indefatigable. Mrs. Violet Hirsch had a party, which included Mr. Teddy Hulton, who always gets roped in to take tickets. He's one of the few wealthy yet really generous young men in London. Miss Pamela Nichol was in the same party, in her silver dress, with camellias round her throat and her silver fox cape. Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, who looked lovely in a white organdie dress with black spots and a red sash, was with her brother-in-law, Captain Arthur Paget and Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant. They didn't seem awfully enthusiastic about the party, and obviously needed more to get themselves back into the good-old-days spirit. Anyhow, they left soon after the cabaret started.

Lord Carnegie and Lady Scone had the right idea, and sprang on to the floor with alacrity whenever an old waltz was struck up. So did Mr. Peter Clarke and a Simpson girl, although they can't remember anything about the naughty 'nineties, except what they learnt on Grandma's knee.

TO say that Sophie Tucker has got thinner is not strictly true, but to say that she is as popular as ever is putting it mildly. The Café de Paris on its late night is so crowded that for quite half an hour before the "Old Top" appears, there is no dance floor at all. It's just all tables. Mr. and Mrs. Sweeny were there the other night, with the latter's mother, and Mrs. Alexander Wallace, in dark blue, and her lovely diamonds flashing, was in a large party, the members of which varied in shape and size. Miss Mary Collins, in white, was dancing with Mr. Archer-Shee, who tops even her by a few inches; and Mrs. Stanley Clarke and Mrs. George Trotter were at the other extreme, though equally suitably matched.

WE haven't seen Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell about lately, or heard anything of Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, which is surprising. Talking of Eyres-Monsells, Sir Bollin has, we understand, bought a yacht, and is busy arranging to have parties on board when the weather gets warmer. He'll find the process of elimination and selection difficult from among his many friends, and his daughter's innumerable young men.

THE American polo team seem to be having it all their own way, and look like running away with every cup the silversmiths have ever made, unless the young polo bloods of England pull themselves together pretty soon. A goodly crowd gathered at Hurlingham on Whit Monday, to see them play their first match in London, which ended in disaster as far as England was concerned. The Smith-Binghams, whose team, Wykham, got beaten a few days before, in the Whitney Cup final, by the Optimists, were there with the Quintin Gilbeys and Major Tommy Graves. We also saw the Arthur Pilkingtons. He's playing in his father-in-law, Major Jack Harrison's, side this year.

MRS. PEEPS

*Below: the Optimists take charge of the ball in the final of the Whitney Cup, when they beat Wykham by 7½ goals to 5*

## *The Sailing Season Begins and Bembridge Gets Busy*

*The Bembridge-ites in th photographs above are Mis Campbell, Sir Charles Ca daughter, and Miss Peggy F Captain and Mrs. Sisne Mr. Terence ("Pingo") La Miss Lascelles, and Mrs. L*

*Mrs. Arthur Pilkington presents the Whitney Cup to Mr. W. L. Horbury, the Optimists' No. 1, after the game was over. Mrs. Pilkington's father, Major J. F. Harrison, and her husband, are both well-known polo players*

*The Whitney Cup Final at Hurlingham: the Game—*

# The Great Out-Doors

## A Whit-Week Sportfolio

*More Polo*

*Major Metcalfe, Major Rex Benson, who played for the Army against Hurlingham, Mrs. John Ryan, Mrs. Benson, and Captain Tremayne*

*Watching the Little Horses*

*Colonel Derry, Miss Muir, and Colonel Lowis were three enthusiasts who went to Northolt Park to watch the pony-racing on Whit Monday*

*Championship Golfers at Prestwick*

*Top: D. McMaster, G. B. Peters, W. Tulloch, and John Pollock waiting at the first tee. Above: John Burke, Irish Amateur Champion, talking to Major W. H. B. Mirlees and Captain Moxon*

*—and the Result*

*Another Horse Gathering: the Gymkhana at Arundel Park* Swaebe

*Mr. W. H. Williams, Miss Betty Herbert, Mr. Andrew Maxwell, the Hon. Henry Howard, Mrs. W. Warden, and Lady Rachel Howard watching an event in the Arundel Park Mounted Gymkhana*

# Sport with the Lid Off

## By "Mark Over"

*A. Melville, the Sussex Captain, who made 72 against Middlesex, hitting a ball from R. W. V. Robins*

Wales would have been glad if the Frenchmen could have proved their case, but unbiased observers knew very well what the result of an enquiry must be.

It is natural, perhaps, that there should be a somewhat violent reaction in the French Press—we are accused of hypocrisy, unwarranted puritanism and unneighbourly motives of every kind. Actually, France have not put their house in order, and that is all there is to it. To my mind, we are well rid of the whole business, and I hope we shall hear no more of it. We have quite enough Rugby football over here, without mixing ourselves up in the affairs of the Continent.

I WISH our Association football authorities were in the same position. Once more we have seen the farce of tired British teams being beaten on unfamiliar grounds—not only did England go down to Hungary and Czechko-Slovakia, but Manchester City, winners of the F.A. Cup, were beaten by five goals to nil by Milan in the International Trophy Competition at Nice a week ago.

These defeats wouldn't matter a row of pins if our opponents didn't make such a song and dance about them, but when the Hungarian victory is celebrated by a day of national rejoicing and holiday, we can judge how much prestige comes into it. And we are beginning to make excuses—the Manchester City manager blamed the referee, and so on. The Football Association should take steps in the matter without delay; if these matches cannot be stopped altogether, at least we can make certain that we have no cause whatever for complaint if we are beaten.

WHILE we are on this business of international sport, I note that Mr. Bernard Shaw, home from a world tour, has been pontificating on the harmful effects of Test Matches. They will, he declares, split up the British Empire. While I don't agree with him, most of us, I think, will sympathise with his point of view. I 'm convinced, though, that if only the players were left to themselves we should be spared a great deal of trouble.

Publicity is at the root of most of our squabbles, and here is a sample of the kind of injurious publicity I mean. A certain sporting columnist, who lives on sensation, commenting on the fact that Larwood's name did not appear in the preliminary list of players for the trial match which begins at Lord's next Saturday, said:

"What is behind the fact that the name of Harold Larwood, the Nottinghamshire fast bowler, who did most to win the last series of Tests in Australia, does not appear in the list?"

(*Continued on page ii*)

*An Amateur Championship's Amazing Match*

*Left: George Dunlap, Junr. (U.S.A.), and (right) G. P. Pakenham Walsh (Royal Calcutta), who met in the first round of the British Amateur Golf Championship, which was held at Prestwick. The latter was five up with five to play and yet he ultimately lost the match at the twenty-second hole*

IT really is difficult to understand the surprise which has been caused by the decision of the four Home Rugby Unions not to resume relations with France. There was, it is true, a good deal of propaganda put out on behalf of France when the French representatives came over here to lay their case before our committee, and this may explain why ill-informed people in this country are disputing the action of the Home Unions.

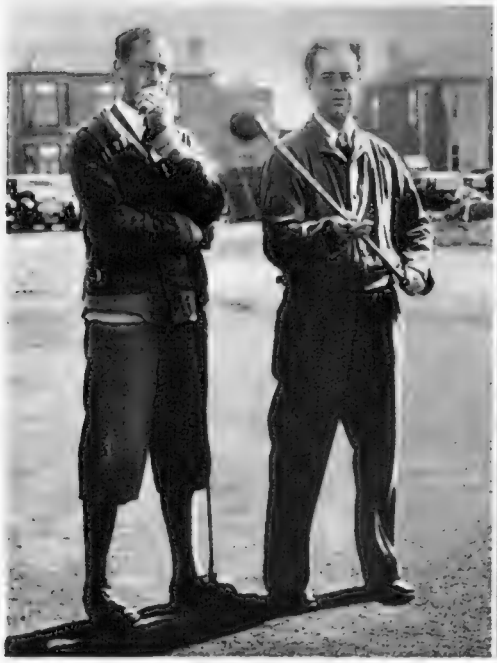
The truth is, as I have suggested many times in these notes, that there never was any likelihood that relations would be resumed. From a purely financial point of view

*The American Wightman Cup Team in Paris*

*Alice Marble, Sarah Palfrey, Helen Jacobs (Captain), Caroline Babcock, and Josephine Cruickshank, who are playing in the French Championships and are the American team chosen to defend the Wightman Cup against Great Britain at Wimbledon on June 15th and 16th*

# Pictured at Prestwick

## Some of the Competitors in the British Amateur Championship



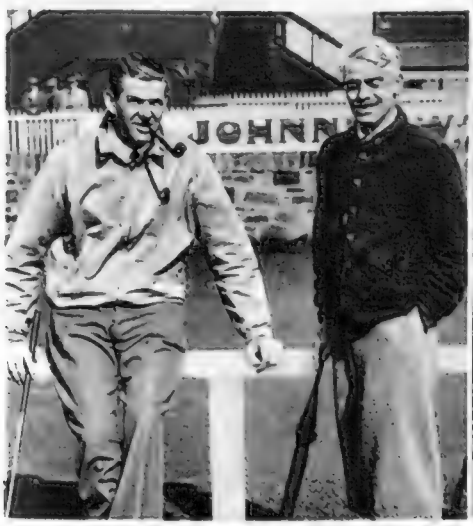
*A. J. Peech and W. L. Hartley, who were both winners in the first round of the Championship*

*E. B. Tipping and Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Tate, of the Royal and Ancient, going to the first tee*

*Below : Cyril Tolley, another Walker Cup player, caught by the camera with Captain Hutchinson*

*J. Beaumont Pease talking to Roger Wethered, one of the Walker Cup team, before the first round*

*Right : Flying-Officer W. F. Pharazyn resting*



*F. L. Rankin and Lieutenant-Colonel C. Campbell, with umbrella, waiting at the first tee*

*S. T. Matthews, in plus fours, with Stanley Lunt, winner of the English Championship*

*D. A. Liddell and Andrew Jamieson, both of Scotland, two players who lost in the first round*

# The American Menace

## By F. G. L. Fairlie

In the old town of Ayr there is a sign-post on which is written, "To the Putting Green." Surprising as it may sound, this indicator gives the direction of the Championship course at Prestwick. Whether or not there is a putting green somewhere else, nearer the sea, perhaps, or whether these words are merely a bit of local knowledge, I am not prepared to say. But the fact remains that these ominous words may very well prove to be astonishingly prophetic.

Let me now elucidate this opening paragraph, which you will, no doubt, have already recognised as just a piece of fine writing, or (if you prefer it) pregnant phraseology. Writing as I am on the very day that the Amateur Championship starts, and at about the time when Francis Ouimet is taking the line to the seventh hole, I am not able to discuss the matches themselves, nor am I willing to risk any prognostication. But I should like to say this: more than on any other course that I know does putting matter on these links at Prestwick, and the man who can strike the ball truly and without fear on these greens is the man who is going to win, provided that he can keep it up throughout the entire week. There is no question that bad driving, or bad records, will severely handicap, but I take leave to say that these faults will matter less during this coming week than normally. For these reasons I am inclined to the opinion that the American "menace," to use a word much favoured in the local papers, is even more serious than at the moment anticipated: and, quite frankly, I think that one of the Americans ought to win, if justice is to be done. There is no getting away from the fact at all that they are, day in day out, very considerably more skilful golfers than are any of our own men, and that goes for the locally worshipped Jack McLean as well.

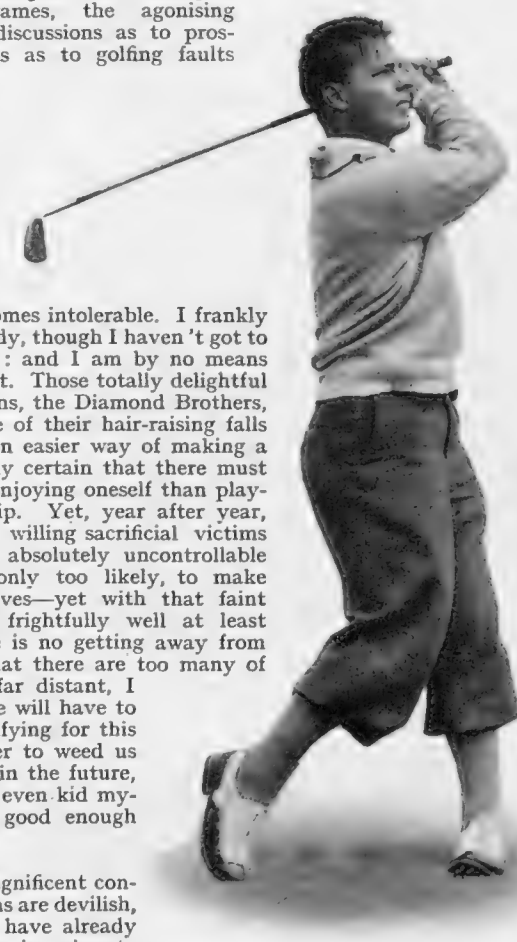
Talking of this Jack McLean, there is no doubt that he is very, very good. But he shows just the same weakness as he did last year, and he has had a whole year to eradicate it, which is not a very hopeful sign. He is certainly a good putter and a truly magnificent iron player; but for a golfer of his class he is not a very good wooden club player—no better than he was last year. I do hope that he is not going to fall into the prevailing British golfing fault of self-satisfaction: I sincerely trust that he will realise this weakness in time and take steps to strengthen this part of his game: if he does, he stands a very good chance of becoming a second Tommy Armour, but one who will (so we all earnestly trust) remain in his own country.

What fun this atmosphere is: the light-hearted practice games, the agonising practice hours, the discussions as to prospects, the discussions as to golfing faults and how they can best be overcome. The days before a championship are far the best, for when the actual desperate business comes along nerves begin to play a totally unexpected part, and breakfast before *the* match becomes intolerable. I frankly feel slightly sick already, though I haven't got to play until to-morrow: and I am by no means unusual in this respect. Those totally delightful knock-about comedians, the Diamond Brothers, remark in the middle of their hair-raising falls that there must be an easier way of making a living. I am perfectly certain that there must be an easier way of enjoying oneself than playing in a championship. Yet, year after year, here we all are again, willing sacrificial victims on the altar of our absolutely uncontrollable nerves, ready, and only too likely, to make utter fools of ourselves—yet with that faint possibility of doing frightfully well at least in one round. There is no getting away from the fact, however, that there are too many of us: the day is not far distant, I am afraid, when there will have to be some sort of qualifying for this Championship in order to weed us out. May it be well in the future, after I can no longer even kid myself that I am just good enough to play.

Prestwick is in magnificent condition. The greens are devilish, but lovely, and as I have already said, the good putter is going to reap full advantage from his skill. The fairways are splendid, too, and a bad lie will be a man's own fault, for it will mean a serious deviation from the straight and (certainly, at times) the narrow path. They are grand to walk on, too: light and springy underfoot, which may measurably aid the more elderly amongst those competing. All responsible for this state of affairs at Prestwick deserve the highest credit, and the grateful thanks of all those poor, miserable creatures who are even now striving to provide a public holiday. The spectators, as always, are going to have a lot of fun: but this time (as it was last year at Hoylake, too) the course is not going to provide any reason or excuse—it will be the efforts of the players solely. But they will not fail their public!

I must go out now and watch a bit of it, in order to provide you with a rousing article next week. There are many good matches to watch, even at this very early stage: sometimes I wish that I could watch all the time, and too often (after the first round) this wish comes true. But, year after year, I and many others keep on playing, and sometimes we do well. Then, when we do, that means another five years' real hope, at least!

But I take leave to say that—just as the double-handicap player is the backbone of golf throughout the world—so are we the backbone of the championships. And if the real tiger cannot beat us, why, then he does not deserve to go on and win. So let there be no squealing when a great name goes down to one of us: it will be heralded as a surprise—but it is no surprise to us!



*Johnny Goodman*

*J. A. Stout*

*the English International, chipping from the rough. He was beaten in the first round of the Amateur Championship by H. N. M. Fogg*

*Left: Johnny Goodman, the American Amateur Champion, driving from the 11th tee against W. M. Robb, whom he beat by 5 and 4 in the first round at Prestwick*

*"The Boston Siege Gun"*

*Jesse P. Guilford, bearing the above nickname, who beat W. L. Hartley by 4 and 3 in the second round*

# CONQUEST

## Feminine Triumphs and Adventure

*Above: a picture of Miss Vera Turl falling head-first from a 'plane at Brooklands. Miss Turl is only twenty, and made two descents by parachute—which is just about to open—watched by Air Ministry officials, as she is qualifying for a permit as a professional parachutist*

*Left: Mrs. A. M. Holm (Troon), the new Woman Golf Champion, with the Cup she won after beating Miss Pam Barton in the final at Royal Porthcawl by six up and five to play*

*Right: Mrs. Rank's Champion Galleon, an Irish wolfhound, with the trophy gained after being declared the best dog in the Ladies' Kennel Association Meeting at the Crystal Palace*

# Music (and all That)

## "Schwanda," "Arabella," and a Classical Concert

By "Melos"

*"Arabella," at Covent Garden*

*Top: Lady Forres and Mr. Crichton Stuart; Below: Mrs. K. O. Goldie talking to Major Evelyn Fanshawe, who is in the Queen's Bays. This was at the first performance of "Arabella," Richard Strauss's new opera*

THE admirers of Mr. Louis Armstrong, the trick trumpeter, and of Mr. Cab Calloway and Mr. Duke Ellington, with their attendant syncopators, are greater by far in number than the admirers of Wagner. That is not a matter for surprise and, possibly, not for regret. There are also plenty of people who like both types of noise. The inexplicable group are the extremists—extremists in the sense that they can wax enthusiastic over these extremes and seem to be unable to find anything in the middle.

I believe that they would have found all as right as right can be with *Schwanda* had its composer been born black. Mr. Jaromir Weinberger is not black. He is quite a pale Czech, who has had the distinction of getting his opera performed over 3000 times in Germany since its first production in 1927, until it was suddenly discovered that he was non-Aryan and that every note in it is pernicious and abominable, and that it must on no account be performed any more.

Which Herr Hitler must have some difficulty in explaining away, since there is quite a lot of Wagner in *Schwanda*, and Herr Hitler is very fond of Wagner. But it is all the better for Covent Garden, which, I understand, has thus been able to pick up the production, costumes, scenery, etc., quite cheap.

STILL, many of the Ellington-Calloway "fans" have no use for Mr. Weinberger, whose music is far superior to anything played by a £1000-a-week jazz band. It does not reach the heights of Wagner, Richard Strauss, and the grand-operatic bigwigs. There was no intention that it should. But why cannot Covent Garden play the fool at times? There is nothing sacred about the place.

*Schwanda* is but little removed from a musical comedy; it has a good "book" (a much more amusing one than that of *Die Fledermaus*, which is swallowed without protest, and, except for its gay music, is uncommonly dull) and some fantastically pleasant scenery. It was perfectly sung and acted by a fine cast, including Mme. Ursuleac, Herr Kullmann, Herr Schöffler, and Herr Kipnis.

WEINBERGER'S music is brilliantly scored; he is up to any number of orchestral tricks. Much of it is original in flavour, though I could detect suggestions here and there of Lehar, Smetana, Elgar, Handel, and, as I have already said, Wagner. Perhaps I am clamouring for overmuch realism in regretting that the tune Schwanda plays on his bagpipes is one no bagpiper could possibly play, though that does not detract from its allure. Indeed, as a mere Sassenach, I prefer that, at any rate in opera, bagpipes should be seen and not heard.

Why Sir Oswald Stoll or the Drury Lane authorities did not grab hold of *Schwanda* for their respective theatres I cannot imagine. With a double cast of principals, it would run a year. Its place in Covent Garden's permanent répertoire is assured.

AFTER rather flighty operatic doings, to go to the Roast Beef of Old Germany, in the form of a Brahms-Beethoven symphony concert at the Queen's Hall, conducted by the great Herr Weingartner, was a salutary change. It was interesting, too, to compare the B.B.C. Orchestra with the London Philharmonic, who are getting the best possible training by having to play at Covent Garden night after night. Both are now superb instruments, the equals of any orchestra in the world. Herr Weingartner must have noticed the difference between the B.B.C. body and the orchestras he used to conduct on his visits to this country years ago—and they were by no means bad then.

The Fifth Symphony was played in solid, classical style, with no frills in the way of attempted "new readings." Backhaus was the soloist in the Brahms No. 2 Piano Concerto; he is the ideal player of Brahms—sound without being stodgy, tender without being sloppy.

COVENT GARDEN during the intervals of the first performance of the new Strauss opera, *Arabella*, was full of people chattering about it being "not another *Rosenkavalier*." Of course it isn't. We do not want another *Rosenkavalier*, masterpiece though that is. It would be just as sensible, or as senseless, to cavil at Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* because it isn't another *As You Like It*, or at *Julius Cæsar* because it isn't another *Hamlet*.

I do not think *Arabella* will repeat the success of *Rosenkavalier*. Musically, it is a wonderful work, none the less, and in style certainly on the highest plane. The libretto, one feels, has the genuine air of the Vienna of the 'sixties; but it is not as attractive as it might be, the interest being divided between two heroines, and the attempts to make it "light" are hardly successful. The waltzes are, frankly, disappointing. As against this there is some superb scoring, some beautifully tender and very Straussian themes in Acts I. and III., characteristic vitality throughout, and a splendid setting.

Chief honours fell to Mlle. Margit Bokor and to Herr Krauss, the Viennese conductor.

*Dr. Jean Sibelius*

*The great composer is now in England; he came over with the National Finnish Orchestra, who are giving three concerts in London (to-night and on June 1 and 4), at which much of Sibelius's music will be played*

# It's Only an Old Hollywood Custom...

## *Sex Appeal, Show Girls and Slapstick*

"Hips, Hips, Hooray!" the latest of the Wheeler and Woolsey Extravaganzas

*Marjorie Brandon, professional artists' model, wears a nice leopard-skin jacket and etceteras*

*Right: Dorothy Lee's choice is called "skimpies and scanties." We agree. Hips, Hips, Hooray!*

*Below: Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey "themselves," getting ready for their next burst of humour*

*"Feathers, scanties, and epaulettes" is the official description of Phyllis Barry's dress-fantasy*

THE latest Wheeler and Woolsey comicality, called, without exaggeration, "Hips, Hips, Hooray!" was at the Capitol last week. The two comedians and their own brand of fun need no introducing to their own following of "fans." Not much introduction is needed, either, for Dorothy Lee, head girl of the S.A. section of the film, or those two further samples of studio girlhood, P. Barry and M. Brandon. The director, modestly but definitely, loses no opportunity of emphasising and displaying their feminine charms and allurements. "Imagination? Leave nothing to it," is a Hollywood motto

*The "Bystander" Book Shelf*

# Lord Curzon, and Three Americans

## By A. G. Macdonell

*Left: Wallace Smith, author of "The Captain Hates the Sea," whose new story is reviewed on this page*

*Below: Harold Nicolson, the author and critic, whose new book on Lord Curzon has just been published, and is here reviewed*

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON has completed his trilogy of diplomatic history with *Curzon, the Last Phase* (Constable; 18s.), and he throws new and fascinating light upon that perennially fascinating character. Curzon is one of those historical figures who, whatever their actual concrete achievements, are built upon such a scale, and touch life at so many points, that they are always interesting. If he went travelling, it was not a trip to Delhi or Moscow; it was a journey of exploration to the sources of the Oxus. If he bought an ancient building as a gift to the nation, it was not a row of Tudor cottages; it was Bodiam Castle that he bought. And so it was in everything he did. He was the last of many things—of the great proconsuls, of the superb aristocracy, of the cultured statesmen.

And yet his life was punctuated with tragedy, disappointment, and disillusion. Everything turned to ashes in his mouth. A magnificent Viceroy, he was defeated by a man whose stature shrinks steadily year by year until he will soon be nothing but a pair of big moustaches and a reputation for incompetence. As Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon was over-ruled and dominated by the vagaries of Mr. Lloyd George, and it was only towards the end of his period of office that he was given a free hand and was able to restore British prestige to its rightful place. And the Premiership eluded him by the shortest of inches, and the homely, unobtrusive, domestic little Mr. Baldwin was chosen in preference to the towering, gorgeous figure of the last of the ancient house of Curzon. Mr. Nicolson is concerned here almost entirely with the negotiations which led up to and included the Treaty of Lausanne. These negotiations were undoubtedly Curzon's triumph. He was an expert student of Oriental nature, and he knew exactly when to be inexhaustibly patient and when to call the Turkish bluff in a voice of thunder. There are, of course, other aspects of foreign affairs in this book, but the Turkish settlement overshadows them. Mr. Nicolson is always absorbing when he is actually discussing Lord Curzon. He is frankly tedious when he is pouring out Mr. Nicolson's generalisations about history and diplomacy. At the end of it all, one is left with the overpoweringly strong conviction that the life of a man like George Curzon is the chief defence of the privileges possessed by the hereditary aristocracy of this country. Unhappily, there are too many arguments in the Upper House which might be used in the opposite direction.

"OLD WAYBILLS" (Appleton-Century; 21s.), by A. F. Harlow, is the story of the development of transport in the United States. It might sound as if it was a dull subject; actually, it is perfectly thrilling. The story really opens with the great gold-rush to California in 1849, when a few geniuses noticed that miners are just as lonely, and just as anxious for news from home as any other folk. So they organised themselves as postmen, and took the mails to and from San Francisco. It was a hopeless task for the official authorities to compete, for the mining-camps sprang up in a night and vanished in a night the moment that the vein of metal gave out, and these unofficial postmen had it all their own way. Then came a new development. It was profitable to carry letters, but it was ten times more profitable to carry gold-dust and silver ore. The big express companies founded their fortunes on this trade; and immense fortunes they were. But life was not entirely a bed of roses, for the thundering ore-laden stage-coaches were an irresistible temptation to the criminal scum that had flocked to the goldfields, and the wild sierras and the long, lonely, alkali deserts were ideal spots for "hold-ups." The warfare against the bandits was incessant, and after the bandits came an even worse enemy—the new railroad-magnates. But the express companies were so well dug in that they could hold their own pretty well, and it was not until 1913 that public opinion at last roused itself and forced the Federal authorities to establish a parcel-post. This was a crushing blow; but the companies, full of resilience, are now turning to aviation, and the giant, triple-engined freight aeroplane is the legitimate descendant of the galloping express-rider of the canyons and the sierras.

"THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is a novel by an American named Mr. Wallace Smith, and it is chock-full of one important American virtue. It has got plenty of nervous, energetic "snap." The characters talk fast, and with a picturesque, highly expressive brevity that carries you along with a swing. And that is a definite merit. It is about a pleasure cruise on a big American liner, and Mr. Smith draws us groups of passengers, and the steward, and the cocktail-mixer, and the Captain, and the divorce-arranging quartettes, and the Chinese ship's boys, and the crooks, and the private detective. The whole thing is keyed up to the most ludicrous pitch of extravaganza, when suddenly—bonk!—and we are plunged into real tragedy. It is a very queer transition, from farce to sincere drama, from idiocy to truth, and it spoils the divine lunacy of it all. I was left with a rather cross feeling that I did not know whether I had been treated to a serious book flippantly written, or a flippant book with a dash of seriousness. And in heaven's name, why such a frightful amount of drinking? I am all in favour of a quick one from time to time. But to drag it in upon almost every page becomes unutterably tiresome. It may be true that, upon these cruises, people do drink like fishes. But it does not make very exciting reading.

ANOTHER American book with the same virtue of speed and snap and picturesqueness of language is *The Thin Man* (Barker; 7s. 6d.), by Dashiell Hammett. It is a detective-thriller, and and a very good one, too. It is true that a goodish amount of alcoholic liquor is absorbed in this book also, but it is not quite so obtrusive as in the other one. There are moments, for example, when several of the characters are almost sober. It is a murder story, and full of gunmen, really nasty gunmen, of the sort that we read about every day in the papers, and a charming private detective, and a rascally lawyer who first robs his client and then behaves in an even more ungentlemanly way to him.

There is no doubt that, putting aside that egregious ass Philo Vance, the average run of American detective novels have got ours beaten hollow for sheer speed and vitality. Our crime wizards tend to kill their man in lovely little villages where everyone is three-parts asleep at the best of times, and of course this leaves plenty of room for beautiful descriptive writing. The Americans, on the other hand, screw the pace up as hard as they can. Both schools have their merits, but, personally, I prefer the quick stuff. *The Thin Man* is a splendid example of it.

# A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

FOR Ascot, for garden-party, for wedding, or any summer festivity when it is desirable to be the best-dressed woman present. Hand-worked coloured flowers run madly about all over the white organdie, a sash ties at the back, a bunch of corn-flowers rests in the front, a subtle cut gives tightness and fullness in the right places.

Dress, hat and parasol come from Marshall and Snelgrove.

The face, the figure and the smile belong to Gwyneth Lloyd, playing in the Gaumont-British picture, "Wild Boy"

*Paul Tanqueray*

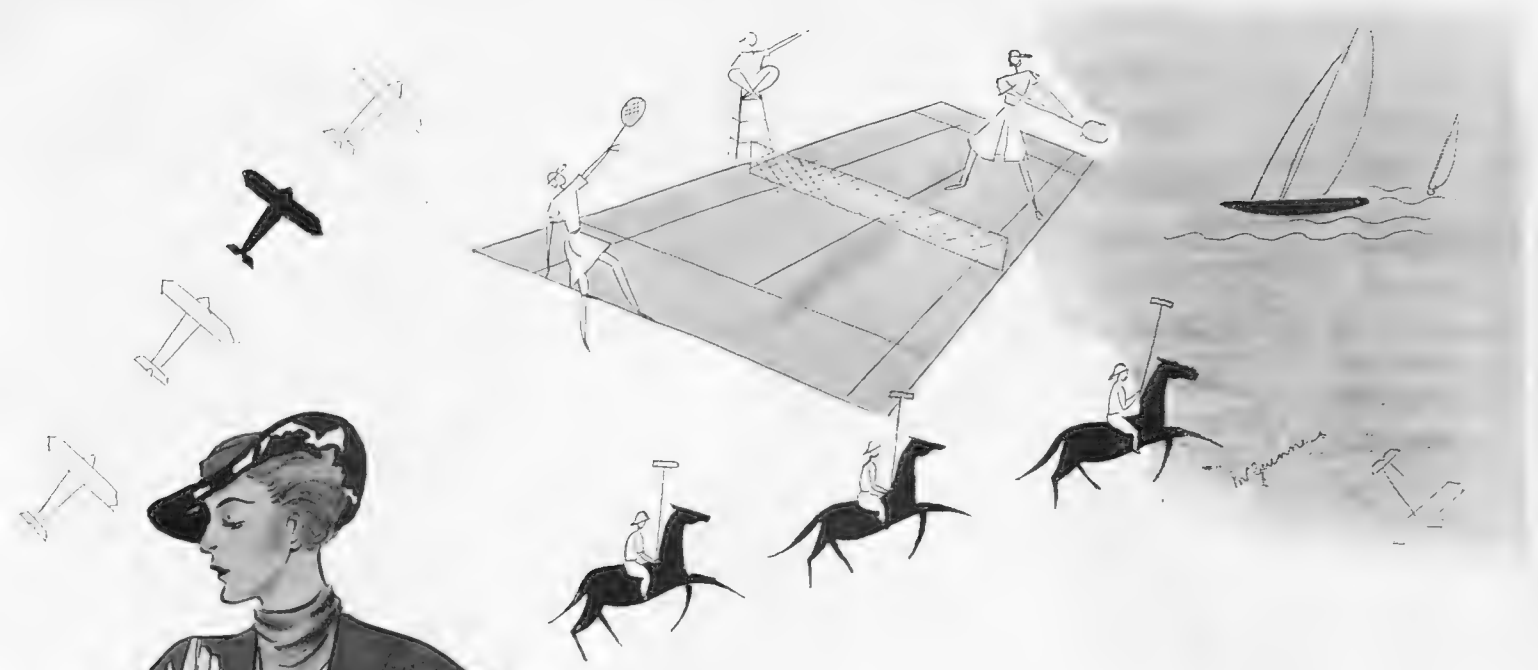
# Smart Suits for All London Occasions

SHOWING that brown and turquoise blue are still the best of friends. The diagonal yoke is blue, the rest brown novelty crêpe

*Harrods*

LOOKS as if puff sleeves are here for all time. These give the quaint look to an otherwise severe suit in black cloth

*Harrods*



HERE is a pleasant colour combination—a navy coat, softly tailored lines, over a bois-de-rose frock

*Harrods*

# Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

UP the stairs I went, to a cosy little front room whose walls were draped with rolls of tweed, suitings and linen.

A pleasant man greeted me, whose necklace of tape-measure told me he was the tailor.

Mr. Smee is his name, and although he lives in South Molton Street, he will make you a suit for six and a-half guineas; a little more for special cut, colour or treatment.

Mr. Smee has kind eyes and the understanding of a man who is used to women's funny little ways.

He is proud of his materials; he walked round the room, stroking this piece and that. "I always use the best. You can't get anything better than this, Madam. Yes, and I cut and fit every suit myself. Have done for twenty-seven years."

Naturally, Mr. Smee—it is an enchanting name—thinks a woman looks her best in a classic tailored suit. His only grouch against the world is that a Smee suit never wears out. . . .

LATER, I drank tea and watched the Burberry girls showing that firm's new ideas in suits and coats. There are some enviable travel-coats of natural camel and softest tweed, many variations of their own famous raincoat, linen-weight suits in uncrushable material, and, for my especial delectation, grey, navy and black flannel pin-striped tailoreds, with slight kicks to the skirt and coats that look as if they had grown on you.

ALMOST every summer, somebody tells us that we mustn't get tanned, milk and roses are to be the mode.

But we take no notice, we go and get tanned.

Few people, I should think, work as hard as I do over it. I won't waste a moment of week-end time, or a ray of Sunday sunshine. So, of course, I am always interested in backs-bare-to-the-sun ideas.

I pass on one that I found at Peter Robinson's: a cleverly cut sun-bathing bib with a changeable top and bottom. Put it on one way and the neck is a cowl, with ends tying under your back hair, and two other ends tying back of the waist.

Put on upside-down, and the neck ties high, cravat-like; and what was the cowl becomes the waist-line. It is six-and-eleven in checked artificial silk. But if you want to be grand, buy it, a little more expensively, in wind-swept satin.

Let's be temperamental, and go from sunbathing to furs without even a row of asterisks, just to show we are that kind of person, and have moods—are either up or down, never on the comfortable medium plane. . . .

Indian lamb, says the expert at Debenham's Fur Department, is going to be the rave next season. (So if you have any lambs with Indian blood, hurry and get the skins prepared.) You know this fur. It looks like broadtail, only firmer and richer.

The fur buyer showed me one of his pets, a little white evening-cape with a jaunty swing, tying in front, intricately worked with an icing swirl effect. It looks like ermine; it must be ermine. But where 's the ticket? Six guineas. Poor little rabbits. . . .

We all know the old gentlemen who say, round about now: "Well, I remember when the Derby was run in a snowstorm."

In this department they are prepared for that day, or for any cool, summer evening; or for the lucky woman who can buy her next winter's fur coat at summer prices, with their twelve-guinea dyed musquash swagger-coat. It has an air.

Sometimes, that lovely velvet evening wrap does not suit the occasion; you want a change from the taffeta cape. So treat yourself to one of Debenham's newest evening mandarin jackets, in tapestry. It will swell your bank account by six and a-half guineas. It will make you look decorative.

*Cat to cat talk. Overheard in shop and dress shows:*

"So I 've got to wear glasses; I might as well commit suicide and be done with it. . . . my new young man cooks divinely. . . . going to leave his wife because she won't read his books. . . . has her clothes made in the suburbs and sews Paris labels on. . . . shan't be able to wear a thing like that until I 'm quite old, twenty-five at least. . . . I really must do something about exercises. . . ."

# This Polo Business

*Captain Harris, Lady Violet Baring, and General Robinson at Ranelagh on the day the Panthers beat the Royal Horse Guards by thirteen goals to ten in the semi-finals of the Colts' Cup*

*Above: a scurry along the boards in the Wykham v. Friars Park semi-final round of the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham. Wykham got into the final after a close game, which they won by 7 goals to 6*

*Left: Mr. H. Salmon Backhouse, who played back for the Panthers, talking to Mrs. Hugh Nelson and Miss J. Crawshay*

*Lord Normanton, who played No. 3 for the Royal Horse Guards against the Panthers, gets all set*

*Wykham, Finalists in the Whitney Cup*

*Left: Mr. A. T. Smith-Bingham, No. 1, who did a good deal of the scoring against Friars Park; Captain P. Dollar, No. 2; Captain G. H. Fanshawe, No. 3; and Major E. D. Fanshawe, back*

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**GORDON'S GIN HAS BY FAR THE WORLD'S LARGEST SALE..!**

*"Jonk" and "Junk," on May 29, 1934, Quietly, in Their Second Year*

*No flowers or fruit. R.I.P. E. & O. E.*

# Bystanders in "the House"

## *Last Page of a Stock Exchange Note-Book*

**Chatter by "Junk"** **Caricatures by "Jonk"**

A STRANGE quiet pervades the Stock Exchange. The funeral cortège is passing slowly through the House. The solemn hush is disturbed only by the throwing of paper balls and other missiles, and by a few cries of "There they go!", "Jolly good thing!", "It's about time!"

FOUR pall-bearers support each oaken coffin. "Jonk" is carried by Stanley Greenfield, W. T. Shaw, "Young" Shaftesbury Walmisley, and Ross Pember. (They have fortunately all come up in their tail-coats to-day.) "Junk's" coffin is borne by four hatless waiters, no members having volunteered for the job of carrying the unknown, in case he was really someone they disliked. A waiter with watering-can (kindly lent by the Committee) leads the procession. The "buying-in" man and his bell-boy bring up the rear. The former is silent, for once, and has touchingly placed his buttonhole on "Jonk's" coffin, thereby nearly covering all of it.

IN the crowd of mourners stands R. de Sola, wearing a black cravat and waistcoat; Tommy Burrows, in the black top-hat which, with a grey one and a Trilby, was the fruit of his recent election to the Committee; "Nelly," wreathed in deepest crêpe; John Rossage, muttering something about deceased accounts; E. W. Barron, with his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, announcing to a heedless audience that "he attaches no importance to the ceremony, and foresees an early recovery."

OTHER mourners are heard to say they were sorry they'd ever been victimised by the defunct, while still further voices express regret that they hadn't had the honour of notice.

JIMMY LOWY spreads tea-leaves before the cortège as it passes him. Sheets of inaccurate notes on society functions, summer cruising and tunny-fishing are strewn by Lex Wilson.

A YACHT-SHAPED wreath of sea-pinks is offered by "Pills" Holloway. Berdoe Wilkinson's last respects take the form of a wreath of mauve carnations. "Tarzan" sorrowfully lays a banana-skin on "Jonk's" coffin, and a small nut on that of "Junk."

THE Chairman, who happens to be passing by, pauses for a moment, leans upon his umbrella, and surveys the scene with side-tilted head. Urling Clark raises his top-hat to the corpses; he is wearing it in their honour. Louis Greig stops, looks, and pushes his hat further on to the back and side of his head.

WALDRON SMITHERS, the "Newfoundland Pup," is sufficiently recovered from his mishap at the West Wickham fair to represent the Government, as Member of another House, at the funeral. Bill Ibbetson and Joe Waldron were able to absent themselves from other important business in order to do honour to the creators of "The Old Firm."

NEARING journey's end, the procession reaches the gilt-edged market. To celebrate the occasion, Eddie Gosling lowers the bank rate. The cortège halts while a waiter pronounces the hammering of "Jonk" and "Junk." A stirring chorus of "Jerusalem" swells through the crowd, followed by the melancholy, heart-rending strains of "Poor Old Joe."

THE cortège is at this moment scattered in all directions as Charles Montefiore enters the market with "an order." It soon reforms, and moves slowly out of Capel Court door, having tried to get out through Shorter's Court with no success.

As the swing-doors close on the last of the mourners, the coffins are laid on the ground and the first band of pall-bearers go off to buy light refreshments at May's stall. The new pall-bearers take on; they are May and her family, Barney, the Throgmorton Street policeman, a representative from Douche's, bearing a saline, and several paper-boys. A following of waiters and waitresses from Lyons, Slater's, Pimm's and Birch's swell the throng.

A DETACHMENT of Stock Exchange cadets, personally commanded by Major Karo, sound a soldier's farewell as the cortège finally disappears into Bartholomew Lane.

# LONDON NIGHTS

## Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

### A Monthly Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

*Les Paradise Club Girls give a nursery party at the Dorchester, and present all the gentlemen friends in the ringside seats with paper hats. Their opening number is "Let's Be Kids Again," but they soon grow up, and dress and dance with sophisticated abandon*

***The Dorchester***

LONDON unconsciously appreciates the spaciousness and discreet concentration on pleasure that is characteristic of the Dorchester as much, one dares say, as it consciously approves "Les Paradise Club Girls." There 's something Edwardian in the atmosphere that is marvellously in tune with the fashionable tendency to "go pre-war."

But this is a subtle theory on which one ceases to ponder directly the lovely products of the American nineteen-thirties appear, announced by Naunton Wayne, and led by Edith Roark, who is having a great success as "Mistress of Ceremonies." Comparisons between the tap-dancing genius of Sunny O'Dea and the terpsichorean curves of Mitzi Mayfair (of the last show) may easily lead from discussion to something stronger, but with Marguerite and Leroy, the ballroom-dancing pair, there is no one to compare: they are inimitable. The rest of the troupe, "Les Girls" proper, are judged by the experts the best yet.

As there are over three thousand English people working in Hollywood alone, the recent moan that these girls are taking money away from their British counterparts is a bit far-fetched. Besides, what about the work they bring to jewellers, florists, and the messsenger boys who deliver to their doors their admirers' tokens of esteem?

***Ciro's***

CIRO'S gets its special flavour from the people who go there. It has come during the last few months to be the place where most of the leading lights of the film world go when they want to eat, talk business, or just relax. At lunch time it's mostly English ones who turn up; people like Richard Norton, who is producing the new Buchanan picture for British and Dominion, C. M. Woolf, managing director of Gaumont-British, Michael Balcon, Hayes Hunter, Jack Buchanan himself, and Lili Damita, who is his opposite number in his new film. In the evening, there 's more American talk to be heard, as uttered by such film kings as David Selznick, who has been visiting England to pick players for the *David Copperfield* picture; Mrs. Selznick, daughter of Louis B. Meyer, head of M.-G.-M.; George Cukor, the famous director; Rowland Brown, another American director, who is going to work over here; Sidney Lanfield, of Twentieth Century, who 's directing the Buchanan film; Howard Hughes, producer of *Hell's Angels*. To see these great men sitting over their champagne and brandies, figuring out what the public 's going to want this time next year, is as good as going to Hollywood. The air is charged with studio electricity.

***The Blue Train***

SOVRANI has been performing conjuring tricks in Stratton Street again, and with rather more than the wave of a wand has transformed the Blue Train from a very popular "un-dressed" grill into one of the most amusing of this summer's restaurants. The L-shaped room is now divided into two by Billy Gerhardi's red-coated band; on one side is the grill, where one still dines and dances in day clothes, and on the other is the restaurant proper. It has been re-decorated in two shades of yellow and gold, with wall-lighting: very becoming, as well as easy to the eye. With windows opening on to the street, the room is always cool, and is the perfect place for a summer luncheon, full of sunlight and air. And by the way, Sovrani has a speciality for hot days that 's worth remembering—cold aiguillettes de canard à la Richelieu.

After the Curzon world première the other night, the Blue Train was packed with all those restaurant-goers who show which way the wind of fashion is blowing. Prince George was there, so were Prince and Princess Paul of Jugo-Slavia, the Marquis de Casa-Maury, Mrs. Dudley Ward, the Milbankes, Peter Thursbys,

*Late night at Ciro's, when dancing is only for the strong, and tables are hard to come by: Sir John and Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby are sitting at supper, and Lili Damita and Jack Dunfee, Captain Richard Norton and Benita Hume, Mrs. André Lierneux and Mr. Malcolm Begg are going round what 's left of floor-space*

The Dorchester
PARK LANE, W.1 MAYFAIR 8888
NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT
Produced on behalf of
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By CLIFFORD WHITLEY

The "Midnight Follies"

FROM THE
"PARADISE CLUB"
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THE CAST INCLUDES
SUNNY O'DEA
AMERICA'S NEWEST DANCING STAR
MARGUERITE & LEROY
NEW YORK'S FAVOURITE BALLROOM DANCERS
NAUNTON WAYNE
MASTER OF CEREMONIES
EDITH ROARK
MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES

"an amazing cabaret—"
"THE STAR"—MAY 2, 1934

*The Evening Standard:*
"A show that makes one forget the clock."

*The Evening News:*
"Full of colour and as good as any American girl show London has yet seen."

etc., etc.

Managing Director - - - Francis Towle

Ronnie Airds, Charles Sweenys, and plenty more.

The "Round-about," the amusingly decorated snack-bar annexe, has the same advantage of big windows that really do open. Where *did* all these people go before snack-bars were invented?

***The Café de la Paix***

It's possible to become affectionately attached to a restaurant just as one does to a room, a tie, a dress, or a locality. The Café de la Paix is that sort of restaurant: not very big, not at all noisy, very friendly and intimate.

*Some of the "Grosvenor Gaiety" girls in practice dress, rehearsing their stuff in the sunshine on the roof of Grosvenor House*

Latest news about the youngest of London's "Cafés" is that more and more people are discovering how extremely good and inexpensive the lunch is, as also the theatre dinner; that there is an excellent cold table for the days when hot food seems an anachronism; that one can dance as well as dine or sup in one's country clothes on Sunday evenings. For cabaret there is, at the moment, a dancing trio called something like Pearl Rivers, Stella and Vanessa; anyway, one of them is Anita Leslie, Shane Leslie's daughter. Louis, so well known at Ciro's, where he was for eleven years, four of them as joint-manager, and at the Kit Cat, is now here. He and Bruni together make pretty sure that everything is just as it should be for everyone.

***Chatham Grill***

Every American who comes to London these days instead of going to Paris should go eat at the Chatham Grill. The style is so authentically English, and the mentality that inspires the buying, preparation and service of the perfect food, is so definitely French that he can imagine to himself he's visiting two countries at once. It is possible to spend as pleasant a ten minutes discussing with a genuinely interested expert the construction of one's menu and the wine that should go with it as anywhere in France. The whole subject of food is here approached with the seriousness it merits.

This is a menu that Mostosi will recommend to a client worthy

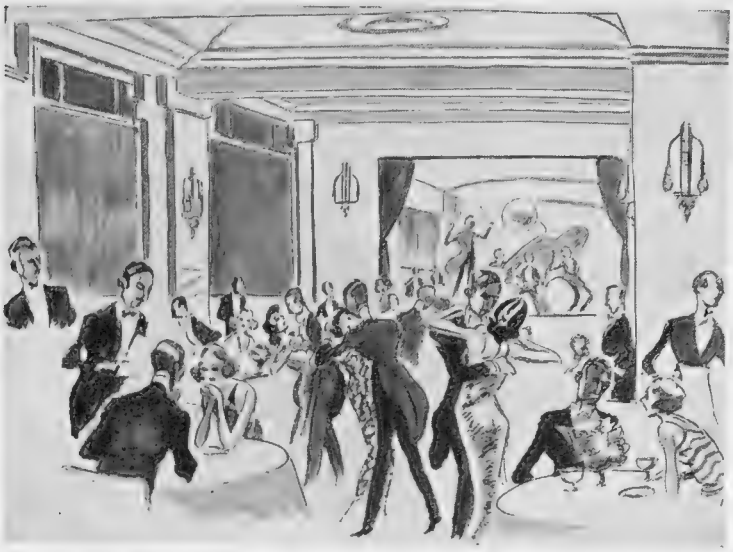
## Dance Bands of the Day

### Harry Roy of the May Fair

Harry Roy started his musical career as first saxophone, clarinet, and entertainer in his brother's band, Syd Roy's Lyricals. Their first West End engagement, at the Café de Paris, lasted four years, and included long seasons at the Alhambra and Coliseum. After a world tour—Europe, Australia, and South Africa—Harry Roy went to the Bat Club with his Bat Club Four. He and his R. K. Olians played at the R. K. O. Theatre; then he was at the London Pavilion for eight months, at the Casa Nuova and at the Café Anglais, where he started his weekly broadcasts.

In July last year Harry Roy took over the musical directorship of the May Fair, and has worked in, since then, numerous stage engagements.

During the summer he runs his own cricket eleven, a surprising game, somehow, for a musician, and puts in the rest of his time motoring, swimming, and playing golf. He likes all animals, but has a particular weakness for his own wire-haired terrier, Mickey.



*The Blue Train, new style: Sovrani has chosen a yellow-gold colour scheme for the restaurant, which is now distinct from the Grill*

of such excellence: oeufs de la mer; truite saumonée Doria; suprême de volaille Chatham, salade d'asperges; fraises Cavour. He has two more specialities, surprise d'agneau Mostosi and surprise de volaille Tibon, that one might well go to the Chatham especially to eat, as one should to get the earliest and best of every dish as it comes into season. Lastly, a word for the coffee, made "cona"-fashion, or, if one is in a great hurry, by the Italian "express" method. It is surprising how the sight of coffee being made improves the drinking of it.

*Sherkot, the amusing French comedy-dancer, who is having such a success in cabaret at Romano's*

### *Jack's Club*

HERE is an instantaneous answer to the question of where to dine between cocktail-parties and "a flick." And why? Because Jack's Club produces an excellent and inexpensive dinner that is served quickly and well; because it is within walking distance of most West End cinemas, and because one can so easily go back there afterwards and have supper and dance. All this one does in the gay, green-painted restaurant downstairs; on the street level there is a bar, with paintings of ships let into the panelled walls, and a sufficient number of bottles around the corner of the room where the drinks come from. Since this is the nearest Club of its kind to the City, and the other localities where men work, the three-shilling lunch is of importance. It is also of importance that all drinks are very moderately priced.

"Jack's" is a particularly good place at which to give cocktail-parties. Anyone who was at the big re-opening one some weeks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ago can vouch for this. It was given by Mr. Jim FitzGerald who is running the Club, and anyone who knows him can equally vouch for the fact that where he is, other amusing people are too.

***Grosvenor House***

THE Grosvenor Gaieties, latest edition, and one of London's best answers to the American blonde-brunette invasion, are still tripping their way happily through two shows an evening. Pamela ("Whirlwind") Foster does a new waltz number with Bob Lindon, and Edward Molloy and Margaret Kirby, a "Gaiety" girl with lots of talent, have a song-and-dance turn. But the real news of the month is Armand Gonet, the boy singer whom Carl Hyson has discovered. He made his first appearance ten days ago, and while he sang, a pin falling would have made a clatter, so silently appreciative were his audience. He was born in India less than thirteen years ago and is now at school in South London. He has a finely trained and finished tenor voice, knows Italian opera thoroughly, and sang the well-known song from *Aïda* particularly well. It has been suggested that he is much older than he appears, but as Carl Hyson points out, anyone can satisfy themselves on this point by visiting the L.C.C., who issued his juvenile artist's permit.

***Romano's***

ONE of the principal attractions at Romano's is the cabaret, which is always gay and varied. Shirkot, a French comedy dancer, has broken all records here. He was originally engaged for one week only, to make his first appearance in England, but had such a success that he has already danced for six weeks, and looks like remaining on a good while longer. Lou Preager's band is another bright feather in the Romanic cap, both in the restaurant and the Roman's Club upstairs.

Continental visitors who find their way—and they do—to the Roman's Club, meet an old friend there when Josef steps forward. He was at the Lido, Paris, and the Carlton, Monte Carlo, before he came to England, and over here has been at the Ambassadors and the Hungaria River Club.

***Oddenino's***

IT is as difficult as ever to find a seat in the brasserie at Oddenino's in the evenings, so popular is this corner of Munich in England. However, the restaurant is only five yards away, and here one can dance to Walter Hyden's band, eat the national food of just as many countries, and drink beer (or anything else) with as lingering a satisfaction as under the antlers on the brasserie walls. It's a stage in the life of every débutante to be taken to Oddenino's. Here she can see the world in little, and take a gulp of the fine, full air of cosmopolitan Bohemia, without being too concerned as to what her parents will say if they find out.

Too many people know about the open-air bar already, but as it is London's only attempt at an out-door café, it's impossible to resist mentioning it. It is, perhaps, the best thing in Regent Street.

*Dare Lea, the good-looking young man who commands the dance band at the Café de la Paix, and does so with plenty of pep and rhythm*

JACK'S CLUB

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*This is Arthur, the drink-mixing wizard who stands, surrounded by a hundred bottles, behind the bar at Jack's Club, in Orange Street*

Next Month's Supplement

published in the issue of

June 26,

will contain, in addition to details of London Activities, information concerning many OUT-OF-TOWN ROAD-HOUSES

*The distinguished exterior of the Chatham Grill, in Jermyn Street, is as nothing to the perfection of the food that's served inside*

## Famous Restaurateurs

### No. 8. Charles ("Le Jeune") of the May Fair

CHARLES is fair, good-looking, Swiss. Until 1913 he worked in his native country: at the Bernehof, Berne (now no more), at the Kulm, St. Moritz, where he was when the Crown Prince of Germany stayed there in 1911, and as part of the migratory staff of the National, Lucerne, and the Cap Martin Hotel, which moved from Switzerland to the Riviera, according to the season. In 1913 he came to England, as chief waiter at the Ritz, under Charles ("The First"), from whom he learnt his London technique. When Charles moved to Claridge's, young Charles went with him. In 1918 he was at the Berkeley Grill, under Sovrani, and again when his chief moved, he moved, this time to the Savoy Grill. From there he went to the restaurant, and was second in command to Santorelli until 1929, when he took charge of the restaurant at the May Fair.

Two years later he went to Claridge's to replace the other Charles, and it was then that he became officially known as Charles le Jeune. Now he is back at the May Fair, still looking much too young to have had all this long career.

Golf and motoring are his spare-time amusements; golf he has only played for a few months, but shows promise, he thinks, and he's keen enough to do club practice in his room at the May Fair when he has a few minutes on hand.


# GROSVENOR GAIETIES

***London's Brightest Cabaret***

**The most elaborate and spectacular show ever seen in a London restaurant**

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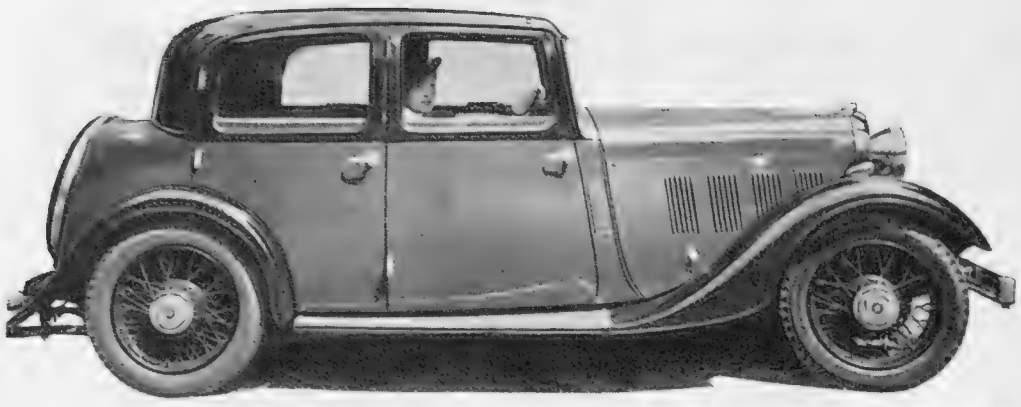

# Cars with a Personality

## *The 10-h.p. Rover*

By The Earl of Cardigan

*The 10-h.p. Rover Sports Saloon is one of the best looking of small cars. It is very well proportioned, and has "lines" which a larger car might envy*

*Below: the back seat provides an example of limited space skilfully laid out. Owing to the use of deep foot-wells, much leg-room is available*

*The driving position is thoroughly comfortable, and the controls and instruments well placed. There are no fewer than three cubby holes, and the windscreen opening-mechanism should be noted for its ingenuity*

*The luggage locker is of useful size. It will comfortably hold one or more suitcases when closed, and can take quite a lot of luggage when left open, as shown here*

Is the twice-flung bouquet, I wonder, to be condemned as being "tedious as the twice-told tale"? I hope not; for I remember, in reviewing a 12-h.p. four-cylinder Rover some few months ago, that I compared its performance to that of a 15-h.p. "Six." The smaller Rover model which I have just been testing has impressed me in exactly the same way.

This little car has a 10-h.p. four-cylinder engine. If he were not aware of this, however, I believe that the average motorist would certainly class it as a "Twelve-Six." The degree of smoothness achieved is something quite exceptional, not only at speed, but also when running quite slowly.

Moreover, there is a flow of easy power definitely in excess of what one expects from an ordinary "Ten." In this connection, it is worth noting that a relatively high top-gear ratio (4.9 to 1) is employed. Performance is therefore not dependent on excessively high "revs," flexibility and good acceleration being obtained by other means.

There is certainly plenty of speed, for 65 m.p.h. is reached without undue effort. Third gear, which is also a usefully high ratio, gives a maximum of 50 m.p.h., while a good 35 m.p.h. is available in second gear. These are all creditable figures, especially in view of the consistent ease with which the engine achieves them. The gear-box is a very simple and pleasant one to use, either with or without the assistance of the free-wheel mechanism. It is actually rather easier to achieve perfect changes with the transmission "fixed"—or so I found; but the free-wheel has its advantages, notably in making it unnecessary to use the clutch. Silent running is a good feature in all ratios.

Springing is comfortable at all speeds, and the car holds the road well. An interesting feature, which no doubt contributes to the general steadiness, is the "harmonic stabiliser," a device fitted between the front dumb-irons with a view to controlling any unbalanced movement in the front part of the chassis.

The steering is excellent, being very light and having what is, to my mind, just the right amount of self-centring action. The brakes, which are of mechanical type, are of ample power, and yet avoid any tendency towards embarrassing "fierceness."

The car loaned to me carried Sports Saloon coachwork, and was notable for its attractive "lines." The front seats were thoroughly comfortable, and, thanks to the limited space being cleverly utilised, there proved to be adequate knee-room at the back. This model sells at £293, and undoubtedly offers the purchaser a standard of refinement which is not often associated with 10-h.p. motoring.

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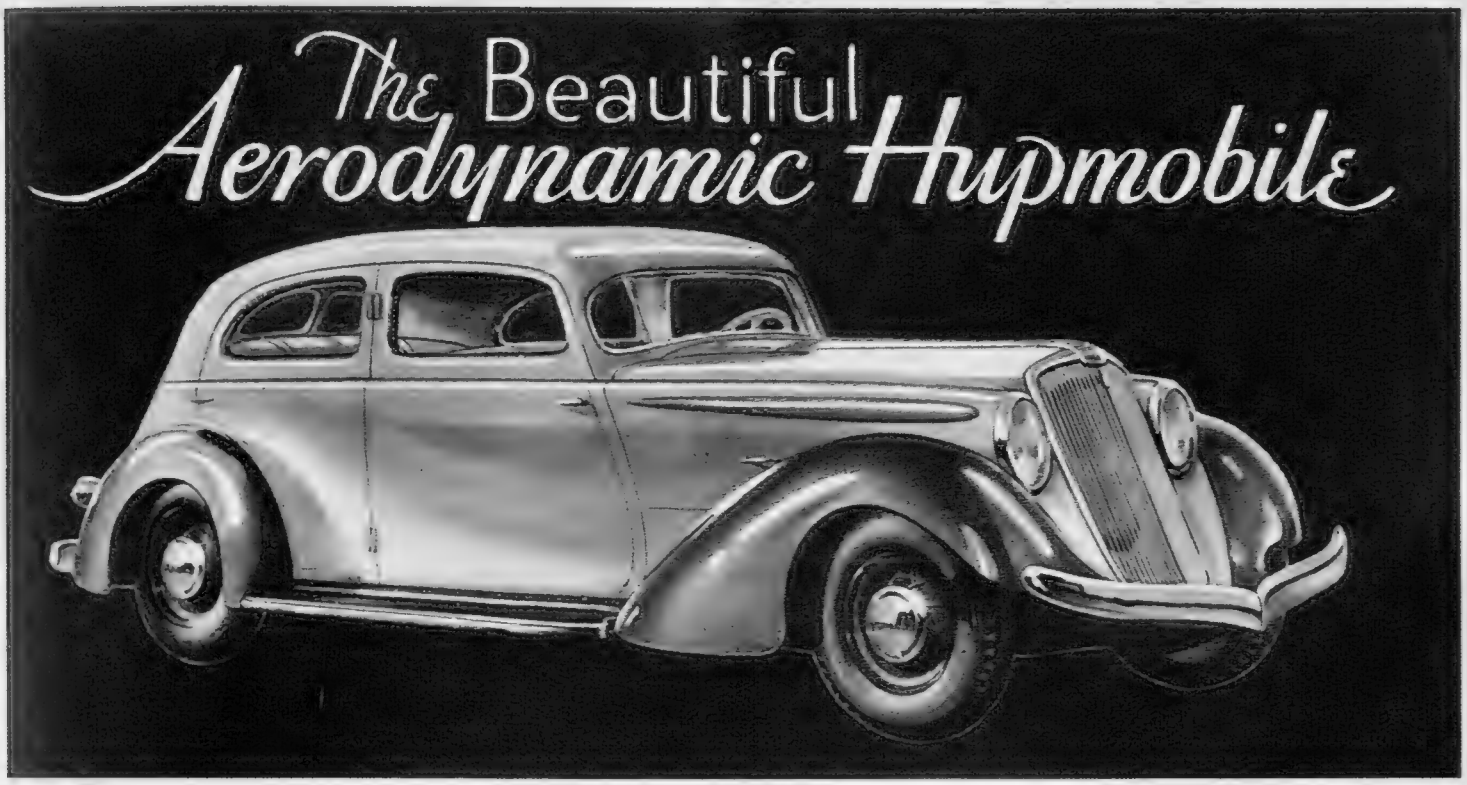


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● 3. Maximum Roominess. . . . Each seat of 6-passenger Sedan comfortably wide for three people. Lots of room for heads, elbows and legs.

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Warwick Wright

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

## *Women's Golf:* *By Eleanor E. Helme*

# New Brooms Sweep Clean

*Above: Miss Elsie Corlett, one of the semi-finalists, five times in the last eight of the Open*

*Left: Miss Pam Barton, the seventeen-year-old runner-up in the British Women's Open Championship, holding her trophy*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FOUR brand-new medallists were the result of Porthcawl, and if you do not call that a satisfactory Championship, you are a great deal harder to please than the majority of people there. The gold medal to Scotland, in the keeping of Mrs. Andrew Holm, who won the Scottish Championship in 1930 and 1932 and was runner-up in 1933; the silver to England, Miss Pam Barton, aged seventeen—unless, of course, she should decide to take up the Irish qualification of her father's nationality; one bronze to Ireland, for Miss Pentony holds the championship of that country; and the other, anyway, to England, through Miss Elsie Corlett, who has been runner-up in the English Championship, and five times in the last eight of the Open. Would you have picked those four? I doubt it. Wouldn't you have made an apparently nice, safe conservative choice with Miss Fishwick, Miss Morgan, Miss Gourlay, throwing in Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, and possibly Miss Oliver Kay, just to show yourself progressive and up to date?

Right away you must be disabused of any notion that fresh people came through because of something strange about the course. Porthcawl is an almost perfect test of women's golf, with plenty of iron play, short holes that you take irons for, not wood; greens small enough to make it necessary to know exactly what you mean to do with your shot on to them. Nor was the weather abnormal. Once we had recovered from the sudden heat of the qualifying days, we settled down to the usual amount of jerseys and even leather coats; were duly blown about on the last day but one, in fashion befitting a seaside course. New people came through simply and solely because they played better golf than those with reputations to keep up, and that was really all there was to it. It made for excitement; losers, on the whole, took their beatings beautifully; the gallery, who always love youth, were enchanted beyond words, and the cognoscenti recognised that the golf was really worth watching. Amongst these were many visitors from overseas, particularly South Africa; having these amongst us added immensely to the pleasure of one of the most delightful championships there has been for many years. I told you last week that it was one of the best dressed; that verdict held good to the end.

NOW to go back to the beginning. I liked some of the golf young Miss Rosamund Morgan played against her illustrious namesake, though she did lose, and the same must be said of our little girl champion, Miss Jessie Anderson, beaten though she was by Miss Bridget Newell; and of Miss Rieben, who took Miss Garnham to the last green; and Miss Mary Peech, holder of one of THE BYSTANDER Spring Medal Foursomes cups, had something of a triumph

(*Continued on page 422*)

*Joseph M. Schenck presents*

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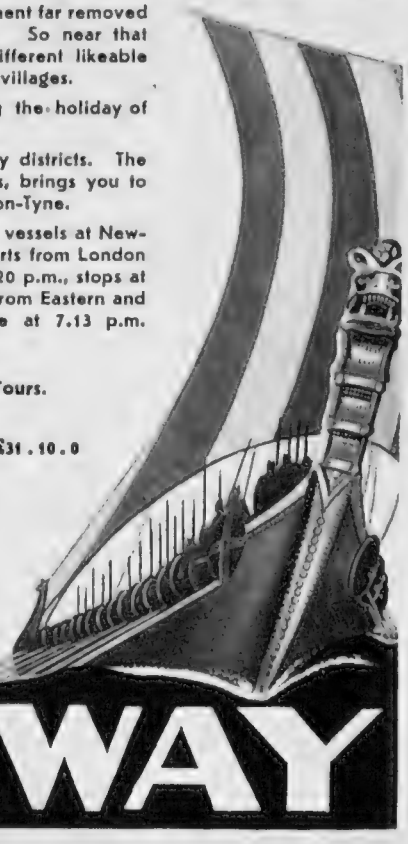

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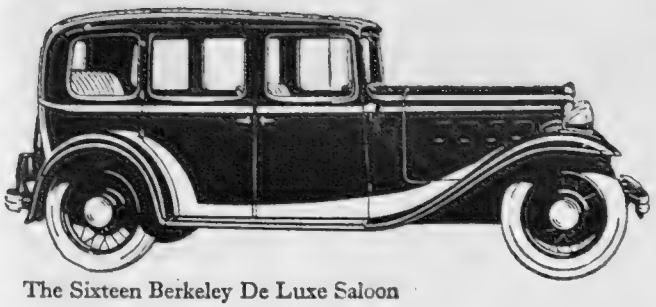

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*Left: Miss E. Pentony, a semi-finalist, with Miss Ellis, her opponent in the fourth round*

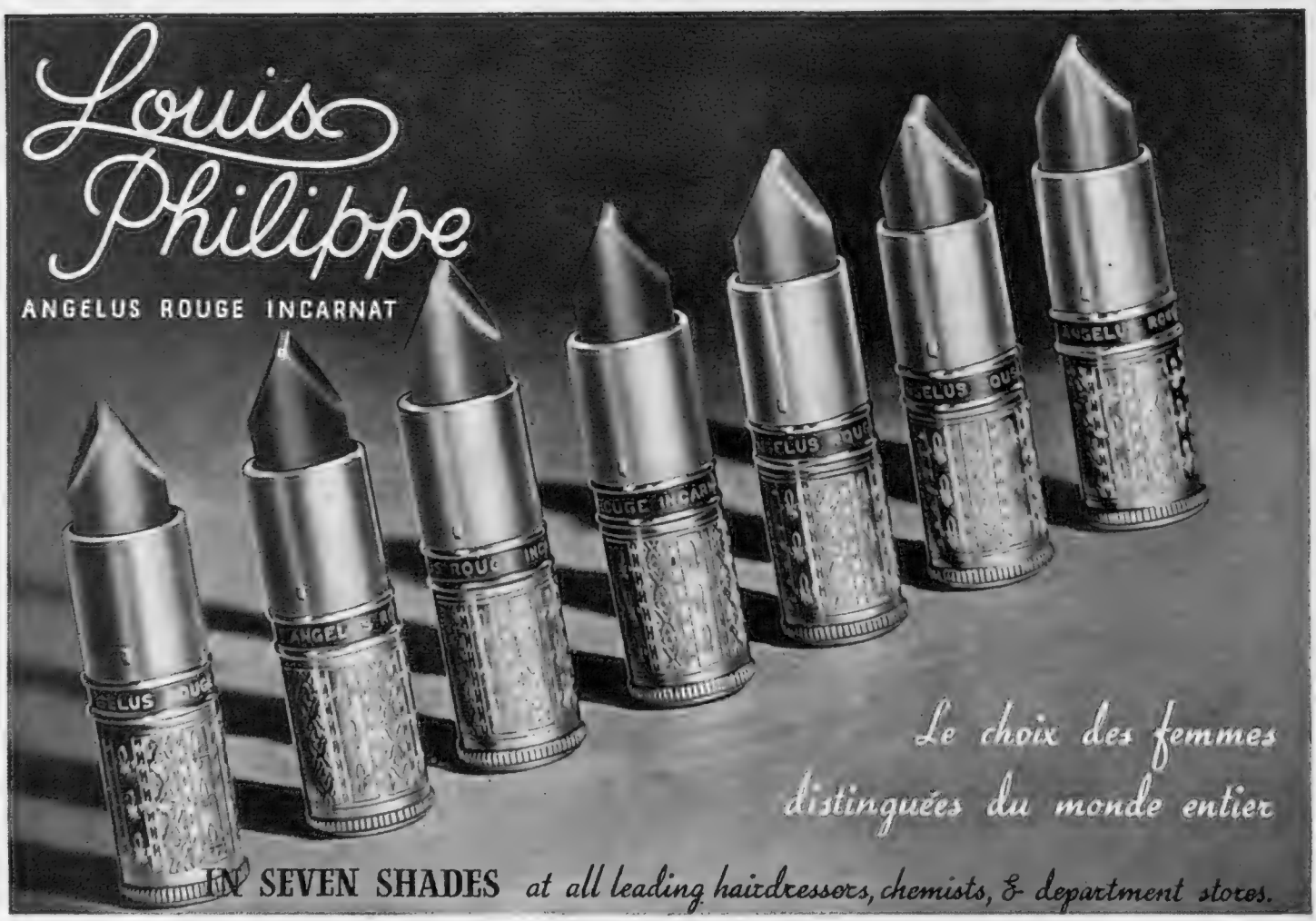
*Two competitors: Miss P. Wade, who was beaten by the ultimate winner at the 20th, and Miss D. Pim*

*WOMEN'S GOLF* *(cont. from page 420)*

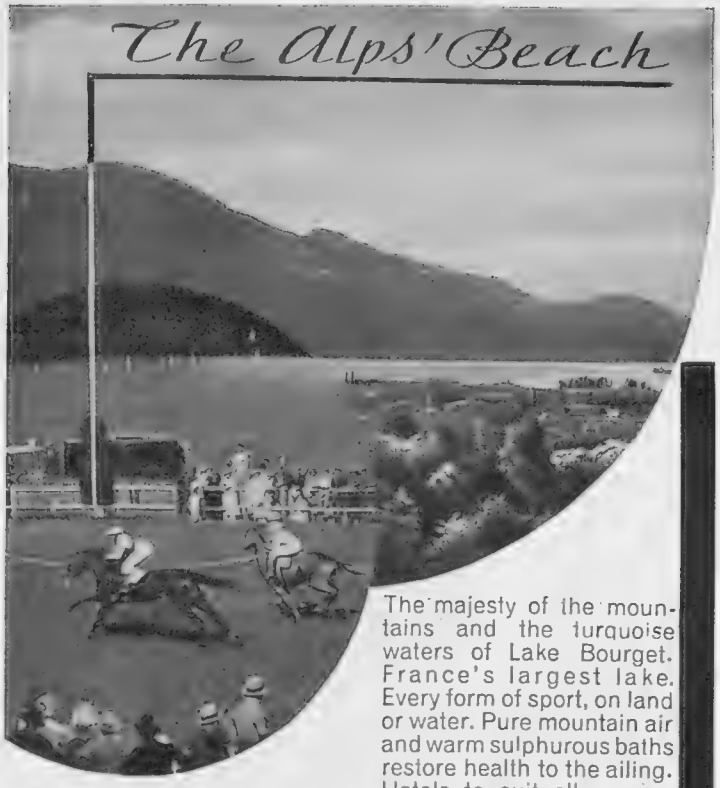
in beating Miss Audrey Holmes. But, of course, the real talk of the day was how Mrs. Jacobsen, who had no thought of championship golf when she started off from Akarana, New Zealand, beat Miss Molly Gourlay. Mrs. Jacobsen played well: her short game was excellent. Miss Gourlay was far below her best, and it was only fitting that, as the match went, she should lose it. So it was that Miss Jestyn Jeffreys should go out to Miss Gwen Craddock-Hartopp, who does not hold the Midland Championship for nothing.

Next morning the crashes of the great were a commonplace. Miss Diana Fishwick made the biggest, going out to Miss Pentony, but Miss Morgan's loss to Mrs. Coats was almost as reverberating, and Mlle. de Gunzbourg's to Miss Pam Barton. The afternoon was chiefly notable for the dismissal of the only American, Miss Grace Amory, whose good short game was not quite enough to carry her through against Miss Ellis, the Irish reserve. Next morning the real fun began, because nerves have generally to be written very large over the round before the semi-final. They were very nobly kept under by Miss Wade, who showed herself a really courageous, thoughtful golfer, and a cheerful one to boot, against Mrs. Holm, who only beat her at the twentieth. Miss Pentony (who had won a mighty fight with Miss Gaisford, the last New Zealander, at the twentieth the evening before) got home in rather a scrambling match with Miss Ellis; Miss Barton had a big lead from Miss Plumpton, lost nearly all of it, and came again, to win with one of the best shots of the Championship—a glorious pitch down-wind at the sixteenth; Miss Elsie Corlett, who had been going along unnoticed all the time in very good figures, got home from Mrs. Clarke. Four good medallists; and if Mrs. Holm and Miss Pentony were rather astray in the afternoon gale, Miss Barton and Miss Corlett managed it pretty well. The wind had dropped for the final, and by the afternoon was only a slight breeze. Miss Barton's putting and chipping in the morning would have been remarkable for a veteran—which is the highest possible praise; so would Mrs. Holm's have been in the afternoon. It was a delightful final to watch, hard-hitting as well as controlled, cheerful, and quickly played. It was a big achievement for Miss Barton, after losing the first two holes, to be three up at the tenth. But she had to get down in one putt to halve each of the next four holes, and when two of the lead slipped away before lunch there was a feeling in the innards of most of us that she had shot her bolt. All the same, she clung on gamely, with Mrs. Holm putting the chips dead or the putts down, as if she could never do anything else. Five up Mrs. Holm was by the ninth, out in 37, and level fours when she finished the match with a six-foot putt at the thirteenth. In the afternoon Mrs. Holm had two fives, everything else in threes and fours, yet Miss Barton only once lapsed into a six, which means that she has courage as well as all the shots.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.



The Alps' Beach



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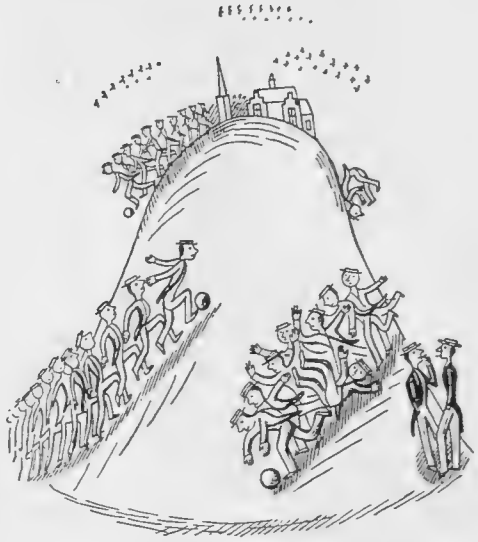

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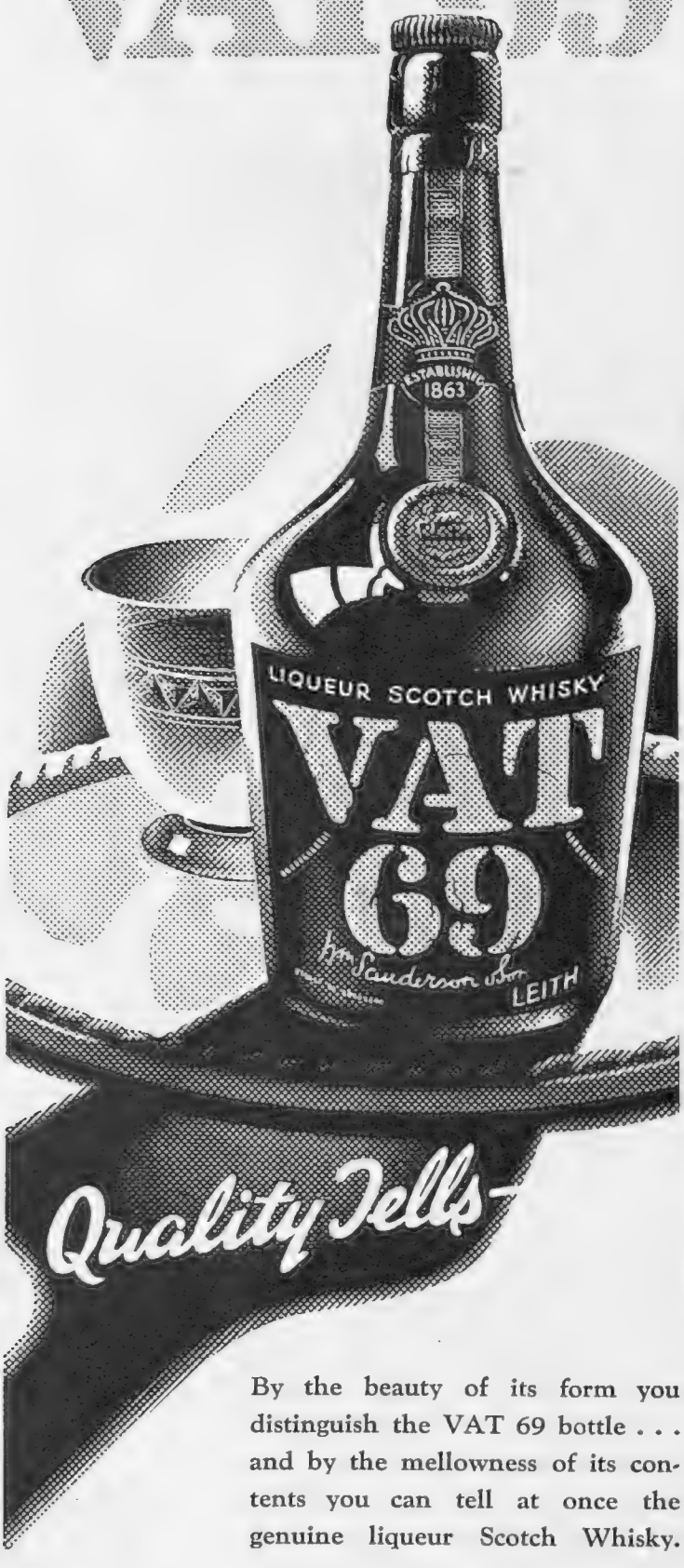


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# Sport with the Lid Off

*(Continued from page 400)*

This question is put in heavy black type on the opening page of a newspaper, and the writer then goes on to say how remarkable it is that Larwood, of all our bowlers, should be left out.

Well, the implications of this stuff are obvious. The writer must have known perfectly well that there was nothing whatever behind Larwood's omission beyond the fact that there is a doubt about his fitness, and yet he chose to stir up suspicions in his readers' minds by asking that absurd question. It really is monstrous, this irresponsible sensationalism, but there seems to be no escape from it.

I DO wish, too, that our games players and athletes would try to stifle the literary urge, or, at least, would resist the blandishments of hack-writers who offer to turn out books in their name. We have had a spate of cricket revelations lately, and the newest recruit to the cricketing authors is cheerful, popular, garrulous Maurice Tate.

For all I know, Tate wrote every word of his reminiscences himself, and here and there his stories make very good reading. Was it necessary, though, for him to be so bitter about his treatment on the last Australian tour, when he was sent for at the eleventh hour? Has he done himself, or anyone else, any good

*C. E. Malfroy and H. W. Austin (Great Britain) and Marcel Bernard and J. Borotra (France) have a refresher after their International Club Doubles match, won by Great Britain by 4—6, 6—3, 6—3, as was the series of matches by nine to eight at the Roland Garros Stade, Paris, played as a prelude to the French Championship*

by his resentful attitude to those in authority? He sounds more like a man whining than one "seething in righteous indignation," to use his own words, and that certainly is not typical of Tate.

AH, well, there it is—let 's turn to something more pleasant, and while we are on the subject of books, may I very warmly recommend to you, if you are interested in the subject, *Greyhounds and Greyhound Racing*, by Carlo F. Culpepper Clarke, better known to everyone in the greyhound world as Mrs. Carlo. There 's no need, I hope, for me to give you a list of Mrs. Carlo's qualifications to write on this matter; it is enough to say that she has had practical experience of coursing for something like half a century, and that she is not only a recognised judge, but a breeder and owner of greyhounds.

In preparing this book she has had the assistance of such authorities as Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, Lieut.-Col. Romer Baggallay, and Major C. E. Lucas Phillips. The result is the first comprehensive survey of the sport of greyhound racing, from coursing to track management, from breeding to training, feeding and the general care of greyhounds. This should be a standard work for many years—it is published, incidentally, by Methuens, price five shillings.

*All entries for* THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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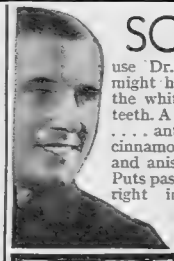

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*At Hanworth—from l. to r.: Sir Victor Warrender, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes, Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and Sir Philip Sassoon watching the first flight of a regular air freight service from London to Manchester*

# See How They Fly

## By Charles Ward

### *Women in the Air*

ACCORDING to Lloyd's and the British Corporation Register, there were 47 private (female) owners of aircraft on the 15th of this month, of whom one was Miss Jean Batten, the twenty-four-year-old New Zealand pilot who has flown to Australia in her own Moth, taking approximately sixteen days for the journey of 10,000 miles. Her only regret seems to be that the Moth has not the range to fly a further 1200 miles from Australia to New Zealand over the Tasman Sea. Mlle. Lutfia el Nadi, Egypt's first and only lady pilot, has come to England to gain experience of flying in bad weather, examples of which are always available somewhere in this country. There is romance in her graduation to the pilot's seat, for she was the telephone operator at Almaza Airport, Cairo, who became so thrilled about flying that she deserted the switchboard for the joy-stick.

### *Service for Moths*

THERE can be little doubt that the success of the de Havilland Company in general, and of Moths in particular, has been due largely to efficient service after sales. Spare parts were standardised from the earliest days, and it has always been possible to obtain a bit or a piece which would fit into the space intended for it. The Service Department for de Havilland products has been moved to Hatfield, where facilities for the benefit of owners are on a very much improved scale. The list of standard charges is interesting. A Moth can be washed and polished for 6s. 6d., whilst oiling and greasing to a twenty-five hour schedule costs 3s. 6d. for the single-engine types and 4s. 6d. for a Dragon. The top overhaul for a Gipsy engine costs from £6 to £7, according to type, and, generally speaking, prices are remarkably similar to those charged at a service station for cars of medium size. Incidentally, de Havilland's were the first people in the world to issue a standard scale of charges for garaging and servicing aircraft. The price for housing a Gipsy Moth is £3 a month, whilst a Leopard costs £3 10s. and a Dragon £12. No landing fees are charged at Hatfield, and there are, of course, many amenities to be enjoyed at the Clubhouse which are not obtainable in such variety elsewhere.

### *Flying "At Home" to the Public*

EMPIRE AIR DAY, organised by the Air League as a result of Air-Commodore Chamier's brain-wave, was a considerable success. It had the blessing of the Prince of Wales, himself the leading air-traveller in the country, and the support of the Air Ministry, which was only too willing to interest the public in what has become our main arm of defence. The progress of civil aviation was well illustrated on Thursday last by the tour of England by "Diana," the latest air-liner for Imperial Airways, and by demonstrations at the leading aerodromes of modern aircraft, suitable for public use. The five-seater Avro, a new air-saloon to be marketed by Henlys at £1995, was flown at Heston.

| | Hours |
|---|---|
| Venice .. | 7½ |
| Naples .. | 10 |
| Syracuse .. | 13½ |
| Algiers .. | 11¼ |
| Ajaccio .. | 8 |
| Barcelona | 8¼ |
| Belgrade .. | 13 |
| Bucharest | 18 |
| Cannes .. | 5½* |
| Casablanca | 13¼ |
| Geneva .. | 4¼ |
| Corsica .. | 8 |
| Lyons .. | 3½ |
| Marseilles | 5 |
| Nuremburg | 5¼ |
| Madrid .. | 12¼ |
| Majorca .. | 8¼ |
| Malta .. | 14½ |
| Paris .. | 1½ |
| Prague .. | 6¾ |
| Rabat .. | 13 |
| Rome .. | 8 |
| Seville .. | 15¼ |
| Strasbourg | 3¾ |
| Tangier .. | 10½ |
| Tunis .. | 12½ |
| Vienna .. | 8½ |
| Warsaw .. | 10¼ |
| Stamboul .. | 21¼ |

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Be prepared, if you come for a week, to stay for a month: for June in Torquay will make you oblivious to Ascot and Henley; instead of the well-dusted exhaust fumes of Bond Street the clean, sweet air of the English Riviera will fill your lungs; Babbacombe Downs will replace those of Epsom; and the Small Course Championship (June 14 and 15) will prove quite one of the most interesting golf events of the year. Everything from squash to cabaret included in the terms.

Palace Hotel Torquay

*Two big events: Clemson and Valerie have come back to the Ballroom and a Big Golf Event takes place in mid-June. Write for particulars.*


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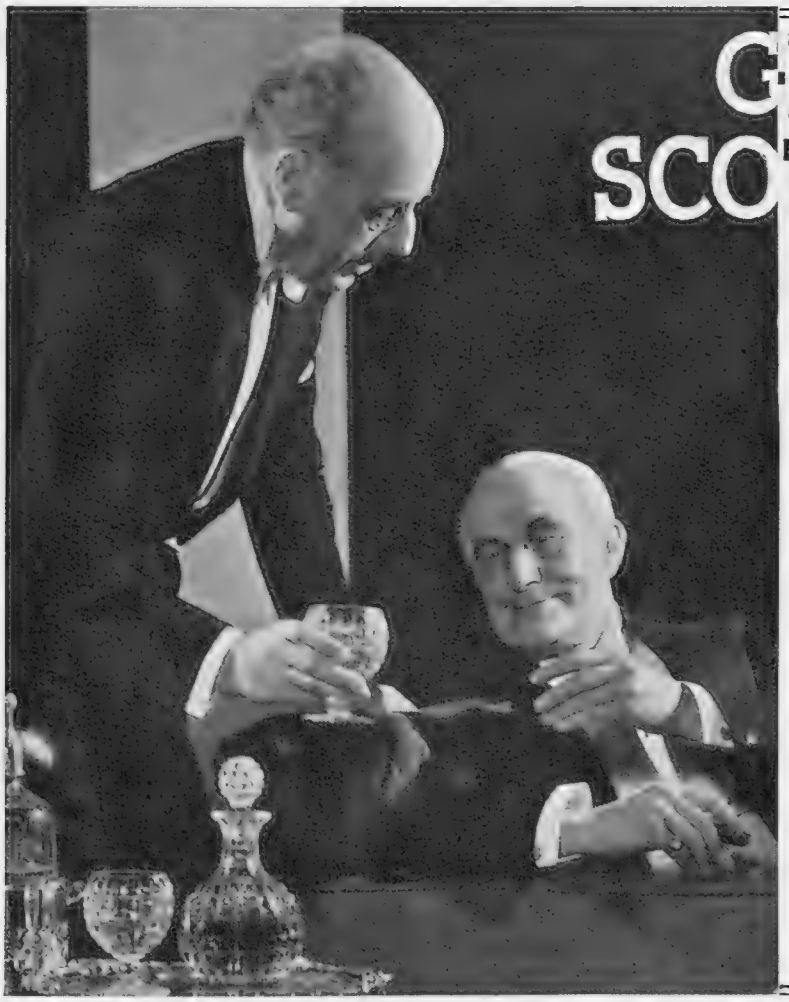

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# "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## THE THEATRE

### Plays

BIOGRAPHY.—Behrman's highbrow comedy is played with speed, intelligence, and humour by Ina Claire, as the fastidiously easy-living portrait-painter, and Laurence Olivier, as her intolerant young journalist friend: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—Albert Lambert and his company, including Jeanne Delvair and Vera Koren, play Ruy-Blas (Victor Hugo), Œdipus Rex (Sophocles), Le Cid (Corneille), Le Misanthrope (Molière), L'Insommise (Froudaie): Cambridge.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8, matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in Dodie Smith's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Open-Air Theatre, Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park: Matinées, 2.30.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.—The revival of Granville Barker's fine play, with Felix Aylmer, Maurice Evans, Joyce Bland, Beatrix Thomson, runs for two weeks more: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters: Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ONCE UPON A TIME.—An English version of the French "modern fairy tale," with Helena Pickard as fairy-queen-private-enquiry agent: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUITTER.—A gangster play, with Eve Gray and Ben Weldon heading the cast: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE RED DOMINO.—All about the mystery of the Russian Crown jewels, with Ann Bennett, Muriel White, Vincent Lawson: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

### First Nights

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks as the man of sixty who stays young, Julia Neilson his mother, Claire Luce his second wife, in a comedy from the Hungarian: Daly's, to-night.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—The New York success comes to London, with Peggy Conklin, Dennis Moore and Tonio Selwart: a gay and impertinent costume-play: Vaudeville, May 30th.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—Magda Kun, Hungarian comedienne, makes her first appearance in London, with Steve Geray, Claude Allister and Louise Brown: Duke of York's, May 30th.

## OPERA

COVENT GARDEN.—*Arabella*, Clemens Krauss conducts, to-night, 9.30; *La Bohème*, conducted by Gino Marinuzzi, May 30th, 8.30; *Turandot*, Marinuzzi conducting, May 31st, 8.15.

MOZART FESTIVAL.—*Figaro* and *Così Fan Tutte*, directed by Fritz Busch and Hans Oppenheim: Glyndebourne Opera House, Sussex, till June 9th.

## CINEMAS

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES.—Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees are the stars: Capitol.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO.—Dolores del Rio, Gene Raymond, Fred Astaire, aeroplanes, music, dancing, girls and more girls: Regal.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE.—Ann Sothern and Miriam Jordan make certain that Edmund Lowe does some falling: New Gallery.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA.—A triangular comedy of errors, with Clark Gable and William Powell both falling for Myrna Loy: Empire.

PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE.—A beautifully photographed and acted film of Pierre Loti's story of the Breton fishing people: Academy.

RAPT.—World première of this story of the Swiss mountains, with Dito Parlo and Vital as stars: Curzon.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SCARLET EMPRESS.—Marlene Dietrich appears, an interesting contrast to the Bergner, as Catherine of Russia: Carlton.

THE SECRET OF THE LOCH.—Seymour Hicks as the monster-obsessed professor; the film has its première at the Monster Midnight Matinée, in aid of the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich: Curzon, May 31.

## MUSIC

### Orchestral

FINNISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA, conducted by Georg Schneevoigt, with Sigrid Sundgren, pianist, and Helmi Linkkonen, soprano, as soloists. Sibelius Symphonies, Palmgren's "River" concerto, and music by other Finnish composers: Queen's Hall, to-night, June 1st and 4th, 8.15.

### Recitals

GIGLI.—Only concert this season: Albert Hall, to-night, 8.15.

BUDAPEST TRIO.—Last recital: Wigmore Hall, May 29th, 8.30.

ERICA MORINI.—Piano recital, her only one this season: Queen's Hall, May 30th, 8.30.

HERTA GLUCKMANN.—Lieder recital: Aeolian Hall, May 30th, 8.30.

ADELA VERNE.—Chopin-Liszt recital: Wigmore Hall, May 30th, 8.15.

ASTRA DESMOND.—Singing Yrio Kilpinen's songs for the first time in England: Wigmore Hall, May 31st, 8.

MALNORY-MARSEILLAC.—Song recital; first appearance in England: Wigmore Hall, May 31st, 8.30.

MOISEIWITCH.—Schumann recital: Wigmore Hall, June 2nd, 3.

(*Continued on page C*)

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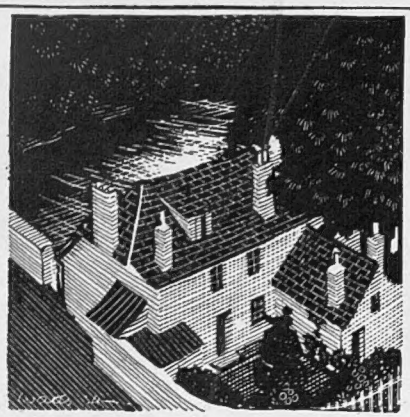
# The quiet content of Central Wales



What luxury it is to dip into the quiet and peace of Central Wales after the racket and hustle of the City. There with the mountains to shelter you from the winds and all the harsher things of everyday life, you will find content. You can enjoy the best of golf, tennis, fishing, walking, as your inclination directs. Moreover, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, and Builth Wells are all set in the midst of the most delightful and restful scenery it is possible to find anywhere.

Travel to Central Wales with a "Summer Return Ticket"—a penny a mile each way, by any train you like. Return half available for a month. Stop anywhere on the route provided you complete the outward journey within three days.

Get a "Holiday Contract Ticket." It costs only 15/- and with it you can travel for a week (by any train) in a wide area, from Shrewsbury in the North to Swansea in the South.

"Holidays by L M S" (the comprehensive resorts and apartments guide)—6d. from L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Get a copy of "LMS Cheap Fares" (free) from any LMS Station or Office.

*Tourist Tickets available for three months—issued May to October.*

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*MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.*

Summer Suits of fine quality in attractive materials, ready for immediate wear. From 5 to 6½ guineas.

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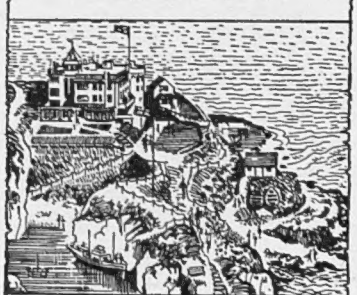
*ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.*



# The Island of PLEASURABLE LEISURE



ENJOY an exhilarating holiday in the "Island Hotel." Luxurious West-End comfort and cuisine, with sun-bathing, day and night sea-bathing, tennis, golf, dancing, billiards, sea-fishing, etc., in the incomparable air of South Devon
Book now for June and July.

*Burgh Island Hotel*

*BIGBURY BAY SOUTH DEVON*

*Send post card for illustrated tariff* (C). ℗


# What's On

*(Continued from page B)*

## DANCING AND DINING

### Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—In the newly-decorated restaurant, Walsh and Arnold sing songs at midnight; Billy Gerhardi's band plays.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker "first and last of the red-hot mommas," is here for a short season; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band, and a dancing trio cabaret. Special nights, Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls are here now, with Edith Roarke as queen-lovely, Sunny O'Rea as star dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays. Dining on the terrace from June 1st.

GAY ADVENTURE.—Esher.—A place to dine and dance outside London; the swimming-pool is now open.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng has another new batch of songs; Lew Stone and his Monseigneur band play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

### Ballrooms

"CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES" BALL: in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House, May 29.

SPRING BALL.—In aid of Whitfield Street Mother's Clinic: Claridges, May 31st.

"STAR" BALL.—In aid of Sunshine Homes: R.M.S. "Majestic," Southampton, June 1st.

## SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—Pageantry, riding and jumping, physical training; the Army, Navy and Air Force show themselves as England's best entertainers: Olympia.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY DISPLAY: Albert Hall, May 31st—June 1st; Cockpit, Hyde Park, June 2nd, 3.30 and 7.

"TROOPING THE COLOUR": Horse Guards Parade, June 4.

BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SHOW: Oxford, May 30th—June 2nd.

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, May 30th—June 1st.

## SPORT

CRICKET.—Australia v. Surrey: Oval, May 30th.

England v. The Rest: Lord's, June 2nd, 4th, 5th.

TENNIS.—Chiswick Park: to June 2nd.

Northern Tournament, Liverpool: from June 4th.

St. George's Hill: from June 4th.

POLO.—Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup Final: Roehampton, May 29th.

Visitors' Handicap Tournament: Hurlingham, to June 2nd.

Roehampton Cup Final: Roehampton, June 2nd.

Ranelagh Handicap Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, June 2nd.

Inter-Regimental Tournament: Hurlingham, from June 4th.

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"Van Heusen" unshrinkable curve neckband • "Van Heusen" curve woven collars to match always obtainable • "Van Heusen" semi-stiff curve woven cuffs • Non-shrinking body cloth • Finest workmanship and cut.

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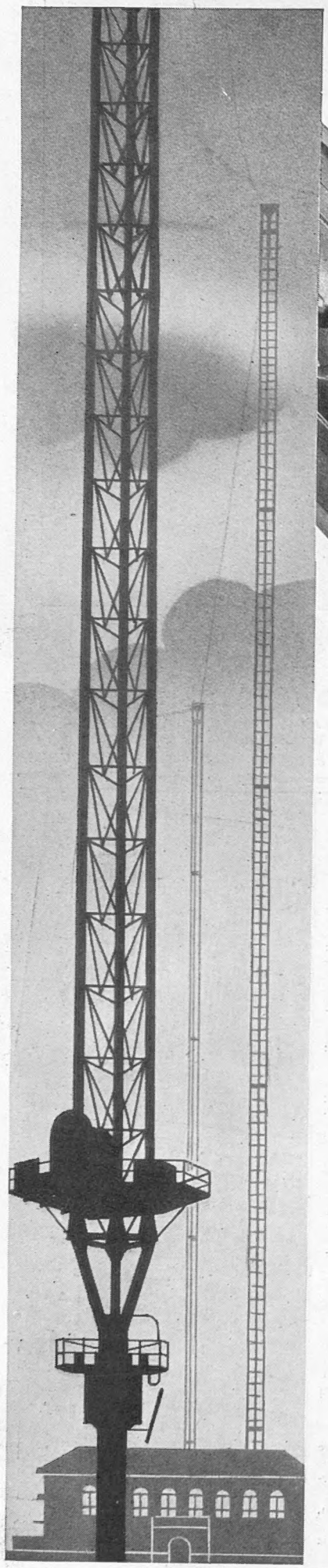

# As Radio amplifies sound, so 'The Third Process' amplifies the quality of Motor Oil

*Essolube Motor Oil is sold in glass bottles, pints and quarts, sealed with coloured seals—silver, red, blue and green—which identify the grades. See the seal removed when buying.*

The power output of the modern motor engine has been so wonderfully amplified by the designer's skill that amplified lubrication has become vitally necessary if efficiency is not to be sacrificed and costly damage is to be avoided.

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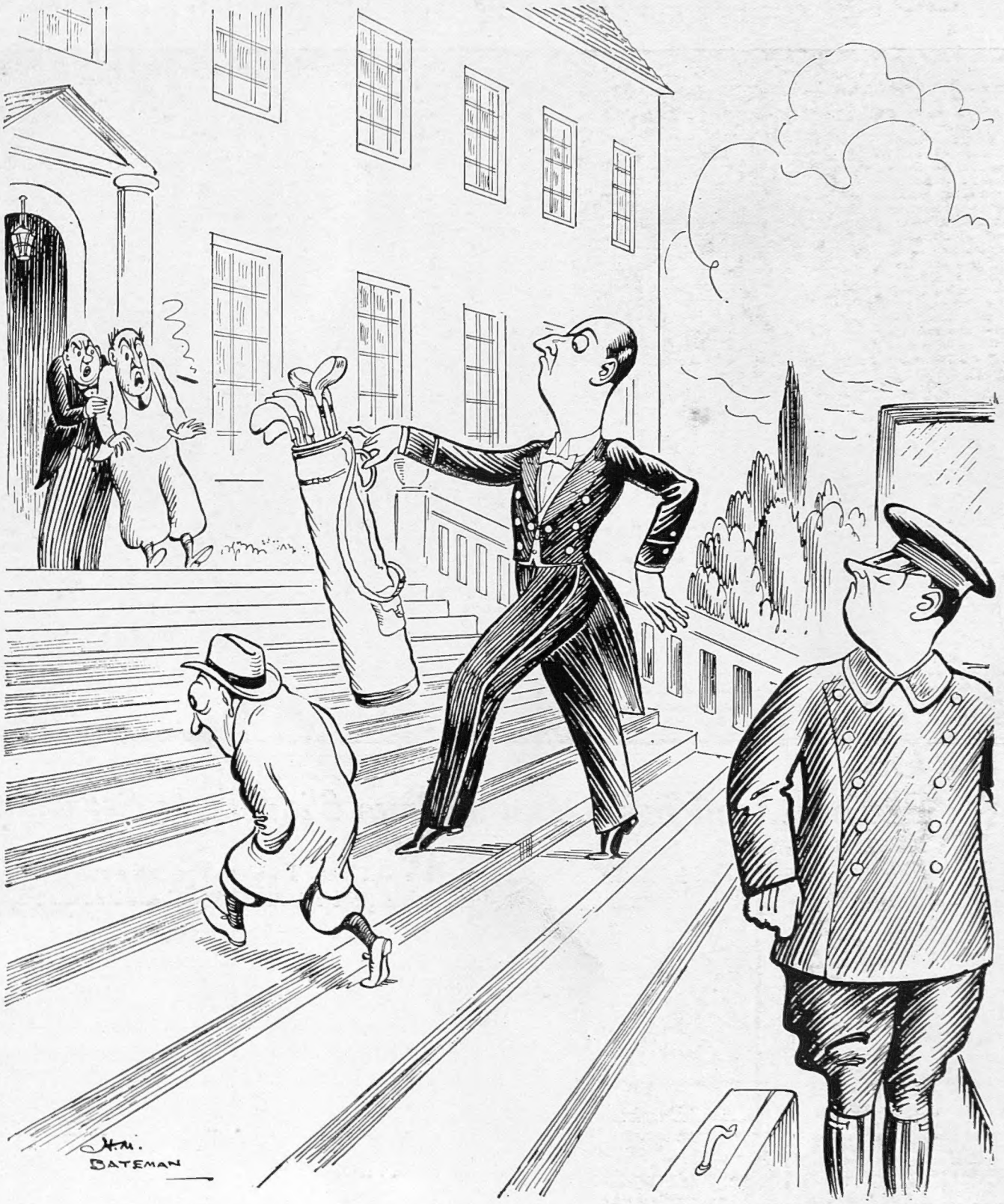
# Essolube

## THE 5-STAR MOTOR OIL




THE MAN WHO ARRIVED AT THE COUNTRY CLUB WITH A MIXED BAG

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# 'Duggie' makes history . . .

## Elizabeth the *Virgin Queen* becomes *Elizabeth the Enthusiastic*

*Elizabeth:* "Zounds, but we are well met. I wish to open an account with you. Although I am only an old spinster, I have been impressed by the fact that there are no limits where you are concerned."

*Duggie:* "I shall be very happy to have your illustrious name on my books. Would you like a little flutter now?"

*Elizabeth:* "You put me in a flutter, you fascinating thing. Yes, I would like to back DRAKE in the Armada Handicap. Supposing we say a thousand pounds each way. That is wise, don't you think?"

*Duggie:* "Certainly, your Majesty. But then you have the reputation of being both wise and good. In fact, if you will permit me saying so, as a Queen you are a great Success."

*Elizabeth:* "I am beginning to think you *are* the limit. By the way, if DRAKE is successful, how much do I receive?"

*Duggie:* "Well, I don't mind giving you eight to one, in which case I shall pay you £10,000."

*Elizabeth:* "Magnificent. I am getting so enthusiastic about you. Now that I have got rid of my old Essex, I wish you would come to Court and be my favourite."

*Duggie:* "If you will forgive me, Your Majesty, I would rather not. I make it a rule in business never to lose my head."

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients. Write to-day and open a credit account.

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